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Marcus Adams.

LADY BRIGID GUINNESS.

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COUNTRY LIFE

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EDITORIAL NOTICE

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The Improvement of Grassland

SEVERAL recent publications have called our attention once more to the problems which affect grassland farmers, and a complete statement of which is to be found in one of the Ministry of Agriculture's new series of Bulletins. These Bulletins, we may perhaps remark in passing, if those already published may be taken as examples, are an altogether admirable series. Their material has been put together in really readable form and their appearance is altogether very pleasant. They should be of very great value to farmers. But to return to the question of grassland and its management, we should like to call attention to the work being done on this subject at the Welsh Plant Breeding Station at Aberystwyth. This station is situated in an essentially grass country, and it has, therefore, been possible to investigate there many of the problems confronting grassland farmers under ideal conditions. The most recent report from this station concerns Grazing and Manurial Trials on Permanent and Prepared Swards, as well as the Factors Affecting Seed Production of Red Clover.

Professor Stapledon has also completed some work on the yield of sharply contrasting pasture types and their response to manures. The results have, to some extent, been obtained under artificial conditions, in that defoliation has been brought about by means of sheep shears on small plots rather than under natural stock-grazing conditions. The most important conclusions arrived at are that good temporary leys sown with indigenous species compare

favourably in yielding capacity with really good permanent pastures on similar classes of soil. The common opinion is supported that all the year round yields of upland pastures are inferior to those of lowland pastures. The influence of manuring on these upland pastures is striking, since they have responded to complete manuring (i.e., when nitrogen, phosphates and potash are applied) relatively better than have lowland pastures. This result is attributed to the great reduction of moss, of burned and dried herbage, and of weeds. There are, of course, other factors, apart from manuring, involved in the improvement of upland pastures. It seems likely that by employing methods which will secure the destruction of the matted swards by cutting and treading in conjunction with manuring it is possible to improve hill grazings both easily and economically. The much debated problem as to the influence of nitrogen on grassland has been subjected to test in the Aberystwyth trials, and from the results of the experiments it appears that nitrogen when used to supplement phosphates and potash does not necessarily add to the yield of the best temporary leys. Under these conditions it has actually reduced the contribution made by wild white clover, which reacts adversely, especially on the mid-season yield of swards to which this clover is a principal contributor. This suggests that land treated with added nitrogen must have the grazing carefully regulated in order to maintain a proper balance between the clovers and grasses.

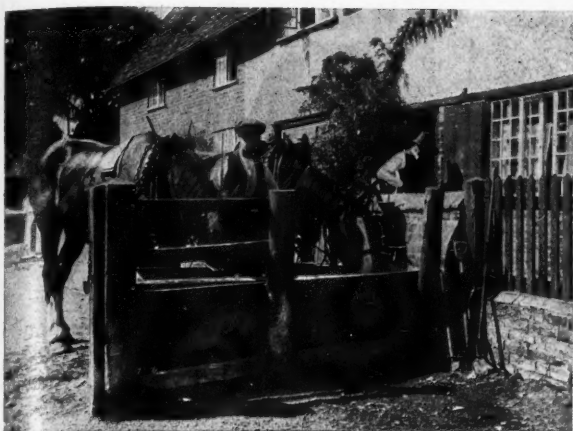
The effect of various manures on the nitrogen and mineral content of upland and lowland pastures has also been investigated and some interesting results have been secured. Minerals are now known to play a significant part in animal nutrition. Mineral deficiency diseases have been diagnosed in various parts of the Empire, and for this reason it is important to recognise that manuring is a factor in the improvement of the mineral content of the herbage provided for livestock. Phosphatic and potassic manuring has resulted in an increase in the average percentage of nitrogen and phosphoric acid content of the herbage both in upland and lowland pastures. Equally interesting is the fact that, though no lime was directly applied to the plots, the addition of phosphates and potash in the majority of cases increased the lime content of the herbage. The effect of nitrogen in addition to phosphates and potash has tended to depress the average percentage of phosphoric acid and lime on lowland pastures.

It is well known that the yielding capacities of grassland are dependent on many factors other than manuring. Those who have grazed cattle and sheep on the best fattening pastures have for long emphasised the desirability of moving stock from field to field in turn in order that one field shall be resting, and thus putting up a fresh bite for stock when they are again turned into it. The Cambridge researches have indicated that young grass is richer in feeding value than older grass, but the Aberystwyth tests with fattening lambs indicate that grass one month old in growth from a temporary ley is sufficiently rich for fattening requirements. This has made it possible to suggest that young pastures receiving a month's rest between successive grazings give a higher live-weight increase and carry more sheep per acre than pastures receiving four days' rest between successive grazings. This experience deserves to be more widely appreciated, for it is all too common in many parts of the country to see livestock in complete possession of all the grassland on the farm, so that there are at no time any rested pastures. The results of the Aberystwyth work are likely to popularise the idea of temporary leys as distinct from permanent grass, but they also direct attention to the important fact that good management of such leys will add materially to the benefits derived from them.

Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece this week is a new portrait of Lady Brigid Guinness, youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Iveagh.

* * * It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted, except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.



COUNTRY NOTES.

IN spite of the dismal and watery end of the fourth test match—an end which must have been bitterly disappointing to everybody concerned—the first two days' play seem to have proved one thing. Some of our too fervid patriots have got into the habit of talking and writing of the Australians as a two-nar team. Why they should forget Woodfull, to mention only one of several fine cricketers, was always rather mysterious, and now the play at Manchester has proved that what they said was as untrue as it was uncivil. Bradman was got rid of for fourteen runs, and Grimmett did not get one of the first five wickets, and yet by Saturday night at Manchester English heads were shaking ominously; when, for once, the front line had failed, the Australians' reserves had come nobly to the rescue. Incidentally, Grimmett and Bradman were not without their uses on those first two days; for Grimmett made fifty runs, and his stand with Fairfax definitely robbed England of what seemed a winning advantage; Bradman brilliantly caught Sutcliffe on the last inch of the boundary when the great Yorkshireman was firmly entrenched and looked likely to go on for ever. It was a fine, grim struggle, until the rain took a hand in the game.

MOST of us have no doubt that our particular school is the best, but we have at the same time a reasonable sympathy with those who are fond of their own necessarily inferior establishments. Consequently, many people who were not at Winchester will be glad to hear that, through the generosity of the Old Wykehamist Lodge of Freemasons, it now possesses "Hills" as its very own for ever and ever. The stranger who goes to watch a cricket match at Winchester has from "Meads" a fine view of St. Catherine's Hill, and he may reflect that had he lived some time earlier he would have had to climb that hill to watch the cricket. The glory of "Meads" has, indeed, meant to some extent the fading of that of "Hills." No longer do boys go there in daily procession to play at quoits or bat-and-ball: as far as anything official is concerned, they have been there only twice a year, as a formal maintaining of some rather nebulous rights. The Hill has, however, always been regarded with great affection as a school institution, and it is pleasant to think that, whatever were the boys' precise rights there, they need now claim them no more. "Hills" now belongs to them, and in twenty years or so, no doubt, every Winchester boy will stoutly maintain that it never did anything else.

AFTER Wimbledon it seemed extremely possible, if not probable, that America would wrest the Davis Cup from France. The challenge of the American team of young men, reinforced at the last moment by Tilden, was certainly a formidable one, but in the end it was bravely, and almost easily, repelled. The whole situation was changed by the unexpected defeat of Allison and Van Ryn

in the doubles. If they had won, France would have had to win both the last two singles. In the end they did win both, but they only had to win one, and that made all the difference. If there was one particular hero on the French side, it was surely Brugnon. He was deemed its weak spot, and the two Americans peppered him as hard as they could all through the fateful double, but the more fiercely he was attacked the better he played. The excitement on the last day seems to have been tremendous, and the crowd nearly went mad with joy when Borotra beat Lott, and so kept the Cup for France. What seemed likely to be the match, that in which Cochet once more beat Tilden, thus became something of an anticlimax; but, no doubt, the spectators enjoyed it more watching in a care-free frame of mind. Altogether, it was a famous victory, and it has been appropriately signalled by the conferring of the Legion of Honour on Jean Borotra as a great ambassador of his country. He has thoroughly earned it, and we cannot help feeling that he should wear its button, like the great Panjandrum, on the top of that beret which is one of his most popular features.

OF all the brilliant company of soldier-philosophers who adorn the great Elizabethan age, Sir Walter Raleigh presents the most baffling enigma. Proud, ambitious, unscrupulous, and at the same time utterly fearless, poet and soldier, politician and traveller, he possessed all those qualities which invest a great name with high romance. Though scores have tried, no one has yet succeeded in unravelling the true character of his contradictory nature. A peculiar interest must, therefore, belong to any additional information which comes to throw light on him. In going through some family papers at Lamport Hall, Mr. Gyles Isham has recently discovered a long letter written by Robert Townson, Dean of Westminster, to Sir John Isham, describing the last hours of Raleigh before his execution. Townson accompanied him to the scaffold and was present at the final scene. The account he gives disposes of the popular idea that Raleigh died a sceptic. "He was the most fearlesse of death that ever was known; and the most resolute and confident, yet with reverence and conscience." Though he admitted the legality of the proceedings taken against him, he firmly protested his innocence and "made no more of his death than if he had but to take a journey." Perhaps the most interesting passage in the letter is one which refers to the death of Essex. Raleigh protested equally his innocence of this, affirming that "My L. of Essex was fetcht of by a trick." What the trick was we shall probably never know, because Townson, to whom "he privately told" it, refrains in the most tantalising fashion from passing on the story to his friend.

THE SAILING SHIP.

Like some great moth with widespread silent wings
The schooner formed herself upon the night,
Such fragile loveliness as darkness brings
Drifting to anchor through the glancing rings
Thrown on the water by our riding-light.

Her slender masts and drooping, idle sails
Balanced and swaying on the heavy air,
Hung dimly outlined on the kindly veils
That hide reality as daylight fails
As if a dream were lightly poisoning there.

SYBIL WYNNE-JONES.

THERE are not many stretches of open country where a man can still gallop his horse or walk for a short day unharassed by the noise and vulgarity of the twentieth century. Lambourn Downs is one of those precious tracts, and, with the same unerring precision with which it selected Lulworth for a tank range and Stonehenge for an aerodrome, the War Office has chosen it for aeroplanes to make intolerable with bombs. After Newmarket, which is full, Lambourn is the biggest horse-training centre in the country, and, although the actual bombing area is relatively small, the explosions will make the downs for miles around impossible for horses—let alone for those human beings who seek a little quiet by tramping the Ridge Way and standing on the dykes of Alfred's

Camp above the White Horse. Some five hundred horses are trained at Lambourn, with about the same number of men to look after them. Start bombing there, and the business must immediately come to an end. Presumably, this particular refuge has been pitched upon because it is near the Salisbury and Aldershot Commands. But it is intolerable that the nation should be robbed of what little peace it can discover, for the convenience of the War Office. There are plenty of deserts in the Cheviots or poor pasturage nearer at hand where a spare mile or so could be bombed without anybody being the worse.

THE area visited by the dreadful earthquake in Italy, the mountainous district where the Basilicata, Apulia and the Neapolitan Campagna meet, is little known to English people. The experiences of the few who have traversed it are probably limited to changing from one dilatory train to another at Melfi or at Rocchetta—which has become the headquarters of relief work. Those bleak uplands have ever been a relatively thinly populated frontier region between the rich Neapolitan vineyards and the fertile agricultural plain of Foggia. The population is almost entirely concentrated into small congested hill-top towns, which accounts for the terrible death roll. All human life is equally precious, but, in a land so packed with beautiful and historic buildings as Italy, we may at least be thankful that the calamity was confined to a district almost devoid of important monuments. On the one side is the great Roman and mediæval city of Benevento, on the other Troja with a Romanesque cathedral that is the glory of its province—neither apparently any the worse.

A FEW days ago it seemed that, after all, the Bedford Book of Hours, which Mr. Pierpont Morgan so generously rescued for us last year, would have to pass to America. In spite of several urgent appeals from Sir Frederic Kenyon and his colleagues, the sum of money required was still more than £18,000 short, and there were only forty-eight hours to run before the time-limit granted by Mr. Morgan expired. In these pressing circumstances, with the clock ticking in their ears, the trustees of the British Museum and the National Art Collections Fund met and boldly decided to complete the purchase between them, even at the cost of greatly straining their resources. Thanks to their action, the Bedford Book of Hours is now safe and will rest securely beside the Luttrell Psalter to be a national possession for ever. Many who have not already done so will doubtless go to look at these two priceless examples of the art of the English illuminators before the Exhibition of Manuscripts (where they are to be seen) closes in September. There they will be able to judge for themselves the debt they owe to Mr. Pierpont Morgan and now to the two bodies which have made the purchase possible. In doing so let them remember that contributions to relieve the resources so seriously depleted will be as welcome now as ever.

THOSE who would interfere as little as possible with what is old, and not at all with what is beautiful, must have heard with regret of the granting to the rector and churchwardens of the Church of St. Mary the Virgin at Monken Hadley of a faculty to exchange the candles by which the old church is now lighted for a brand new installation of electricity. There are people, of course, who "like a service to be bright and up to date," but the English Church has always made its æsthetic appeal to those who worshipped within its walls not by "brightness," nor by colour and ostentation, but by the sober ritual which consorts so well with the impressive simplicity and dignity of her ancient parish churches and the more elaborate but never obtrusive beauty of her great cathedrals. Well might Milton pray that he should never fail—

To love the high embowed roof
With antique pillars massy-proof
And storied windows richly dight
Casting a dim religious light.

The pealing organ and the full-voiced choir below gain infinitely from the unobtrusive loveliness of their surroundings. As for the "dim religious light" of a candle-lit

church, those who remember the days when Westminster Abbey was lighted with candles can have no doubt as to the beauty which has been lost by the change to modern lighting.

POLO players have had good reason this year to complain of the weather, though, in spite of its unkindness, the season has been unusually interesting. In May the earlier tournaments were held up by rain, and many grounds were subsequently played on before they had recovered their condition. This meant that they were badly cut up, and every time they were played on their condition became worse. The last of the selection trial matches for the Westchester Cup team was played last week at the Bearfort Club under better conditions, but it did not disclose anything very startling about the game or form of any of the seven players who are sailing for the United States this month. But, on the other hand, the season has been greatly enlivened by the visit of the Goulburn team from Australia. This side, consisting of the four brothers Ashton, put up a fine fight in the final of the Champion Cup, and were probably unlucky to be beaten. And though a strong Hurlingham side defeated them in their match for the Prince of Wales's Empire Cup, they have the consolation of having won the Whitney Cup and having been presented with a special cup, to commemorate their visit, by that gracious and enthusiastic sportsman the King of Spain.

ASLEEP ON A BENCH.

Thou heir of God!
Servant and lord of dim futurity,
Fruit of what countless years of ancestry.
Intricately create,
Fashioned for greater state
Than aught we see.
Part of the Infinite
Woven for God's delight
And for the ultimate
Pæans of victory.

Thou heir of God!
Foul, huddled, past despite,
Distorted waif of night.
Bowed head on barren breast—
What dreams, what rest!

ARTHUR E. LLOYD MAUNSELL.

THE quiet little village of Stoke Poges has, for some time, been in danger of becoming suburbanised, since Gray's famous churchyard—now "neglected" no longer—receives something more than a passing tribute from the twentieth century. To keep at a respectful distance from the churchyard the new houses and villas which have come to stay is essential to maintain its peaceful seclusion. Already they are creeping perilously near. But, fortunately, precautions have already been taken. In 1925 the National Trust purchased the field, in which stands the monument, to the east of the church, and the Penn-Gray Society has now obtained a three-year option on the adjoining Manor House and 30 acres of its grounds. If sufficient money can be raised, any fears of profanation will be set at rest. The sum of money aimed at is £30,000, to which everyone can contribute by becoming a member of the Society and paying an annual subscription of a guinea.

BLACKSMITHS' forges have, in many villages, been turned into garages, but there are enough still in existence for their fortunes to be a matter of more than sentimental interest to the true countryman. The village smith, wheelwright or saddler is a sufficiently important craftsman in a village for some effort to be made to help him keep his end up. After five years' pioneer work of organising and exhibiting fresh branches of smithery, the Kent Rural Community Council is investigating to what extent it has been able to counteract the decay in agricultural work. The result is certainly encouraging. Out of three hundred smiths visited, many have been able to make up the loss on agricultural work, "while a gratifying number of craftsmen have definitely increased the scope and profit of their business." The Council

believes that the experience of the past five years shows that the countryside will be able to retain the best of its craftsmen if the public will continue to support them wherever possible. They are, naturally, the enthusiasts for their craft, and their work—gates, grilles, fire baskets,

dogs, latches and so on—show a marked improvement since the first essays. Greater simplicity is still to be recommended, but what is really wanted is for clients and architects to work out designs in co-operation with local smiths.

ANTARCTIC LIFE SEEN ON THE MAWSON EXPEDITION

THE South Polar summer is a brief one of about two months, and spring and autumn hardly exist. Into this short interval must be crowded the nesting and the breeding seasons of birds and animals, and for man the short period during which a ship can navigate Antarctic waters. The pictures which we publish were taken mostly during January by the photographer of the recent Mawson Antarctic Expedition, or, as it is officially styled, the British-Australian-New Zealand Antarctic Research Expedition. The impetus of the venture came from Australia, where Sir Douglas Mawson had continually urged the need of fresh explorations along Antarctic coasts south and east of Australia and New Zealand, and coming within their sphere of influence. Captain Scott's old ship *Discovery* was chartered from the Discovery Committee of the Colonial Office. Barquentine-rigged and built of oak, she is as powerful in the ice as any ship of to-day. The *Discovery* left Capetown on October 19th, 1929, Captain J. K. Davies in command, crossed the Antarctic Circle about December 20th, returned to Kerguelen on February 7th, and made an Australian port early in March.

Possession Island, in the Crozet Group, was reached on November 7th. Like most oceanic islands, it is volcanic in origin. The latitude is not too high to prevent a fairly rich vegetation, but trees are naturally absent. From the beach the explorers headed up a valley into the interior leading to mist-covered mountains which recalled the Scottish Highlands.

Elephant seals (or sea-elephants) shared the foreshore with Gentoo penguins, and at the time of the visit were found in large numbers. Their seasonal activities are probably the same as in South Georgia, where the annual "haul out" in August is followed by the birth of the pups in September. The beaches are lively with a loud staccato barking from the pups; a month later their note has become harsher, heads are raised like the adults, and, after rattling and hissing stages, the proper roar is accomplished.

The groups of cows with pups form the harems which are annexed by the bulls later in the summer. The harems consist generally of twelve to twenty cows, and the master bull has, apparently, to wage continuous war on bachelors skirmishing along the beach. If one of the intruding bulls makes a move too near, the harem bull raises his head and, as the bachelor approaches, starts roaring. In so doing he throws his head back, inflates the proboscis so that it appears like a small elephant's trunk, and produces a succession of loud expiratory bellows. If the bachelor bull is a small one, he usually takes the roaring as a warning and edges away. A bigger bull will answer back and challenge to fight. At this the harem bull in fury immediately rushes blindly at his rival, frequently in a direct line over the cows and pups. The bulls approach and rear up on their hind quarters, trying to fall forward on their rival and wound with the teeth. If one of them makes an unsuccessful lunge and falls, the other is immediately on top



BERG AND FLOES OFF ENDERBY LAND.
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of him with all his weight, biting the neck and back, and may even tear out great lumps of skin and blubber. If this happens, the fight ends at once. More usually few bad wounds are given, and after four or five minutes' fighting the bachelor retires and the harem bull remains as victor.

Following the breeding season and after a fast on the land of almost two months' duration a return is made to the sea in December. Shortly afterwards there is a second haul out on to the land, this time for the annual moult. While lying on the beach their strangest habit seems to be that of throwing sand over their backs; pups are as adept at this as the adults. Mr. L. H. Matthews, who spent more than a year among the elephant seals on South Georgia, says the sand-throwing is done not to protect them from the sun's rays, but possibly to keep the skin moist during the period ashore.

From the Crozets the *Discovery* went to Kerguelen steaming thirty miles up the impressive Royal Sound. The island is French territory, and arrangements had been made

last found in the ice, partly as a result of aeroplane reconnaissance. Bergs and floe ice move at different rates, the latter being shallower and more easily driven by the wind. When these two ice forms are found together the berg has the appearance of charging through the pack; or, viewed from the lee, the icefloes seem to creep round and embrace the bigger, more sluggish berg. Brash ice, which fills up the spaces among the floes, is broken off by swell action and shows that the open sea is not far off. Of all forms of pack ice brash is the most tenacious and the most difficult to sail through. Broken up into countless fragments and with millions of snow crystals reflecting the sun, pack such as this forms a real fairy garden.

The *Discovery* reached Enderby Land early in January, and for three weeks examined and explored the almost mythical land sighted, but not visited, by Biscoe in 1831. To the satisfaction of verifying the century-old record was added the excitement of discovering further new lands and charting several hundred miles of new coast. Occasional rocky ledges



POSSESSION ISLAND, IN THE CROZET GROUP.

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to coal ship from one of Messrs. Irwin and Johnson's whaling transports. A fortnight was spent in the great fjords, which penetrate the interior among a region of terraced lava flows backed by glacier-covered mountains. Whaling is actively pursued from Kerguelen, and on the neighbouring Heard Island, which was visited later; commercial sealing had also been attempted.

South of Heard Island icebergs became numerous, and still farther south the icefloes, for the most part hummocked and ridged, crowded together to form an ice pack, and hindered and sometimes completely checked the ship's progress. The *Discovery* navigated among icefloes for nearly twenty days, at first in latitudes no higher than the Orkneys in the Northern Hemisphere. The pack-ice was like a giant kaleidoscope with ever-changing pattern; open water one day would be succeeded by closely pressed icefloes the next, and even if these opened with change of wind it might still be insufficient to help on the ship. The Mawson party had their full share of disappointments, and with difficulty found a way through the ice to the Antarctic coast at Enderby Land. A lead was at

interrupting the more usual ice cliffs, if gently sloping, had been annexed by penguins, or, if steeper, were the home of Cape pigeons and Antarctic petrels, or of the strange and only Antarctic land bird, the sheathbill.

The *Discovery* last season made her special object the charting of the new-found coast line, together with observations of the larger animal life: the smaller marine life was also under examination, but a ship, heavily armoured and slow, and depending partly on sail, is not the best for this type of work. At the same time that the old *Discovery* was off Enderby Land, the newest marine research ship, *Discovery II*, was carrying out exhaustive deep-sea work on the other side of Antarctica round the South Sandwich Group. Next season both ships will again explore southwards, the old *Discovery* possibly once more to Enderby Land, while *Discovery II*, working from South Georgia and the Falkland Islands, will continue research on the southern whaling grounds, studying the food supplies and range of action of the great Finner and Blue whales.

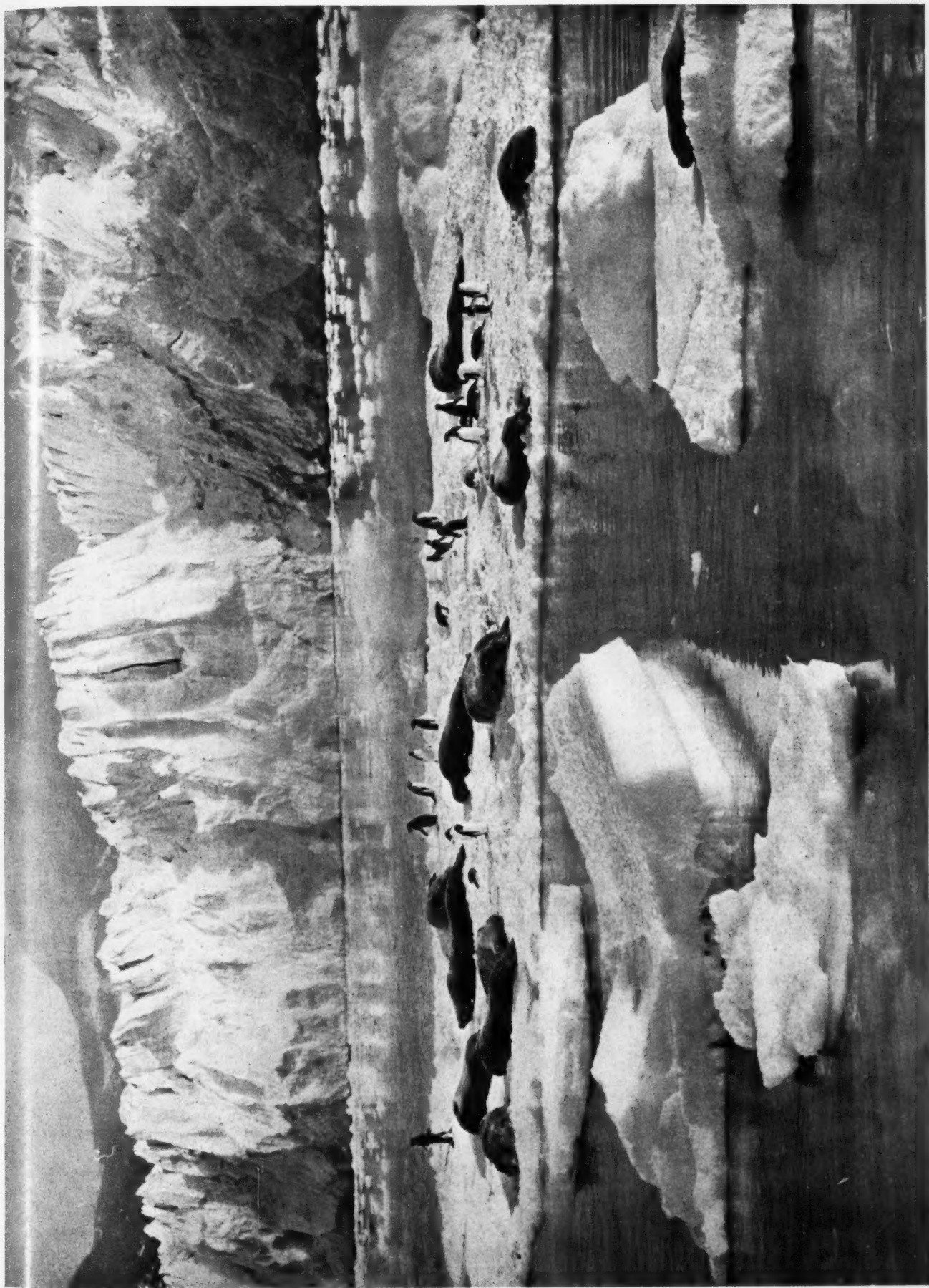
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SEALS AND PENGUINS ON A DRIFTING ICEFLOE.
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SIR GOMER BERRY'S SHORTHORNS

FOR many years past the Pendley Stock Farms at Tring in Hertfordshire have been the home of some of this country's most famous breeds. In pre-War years the late Mr. J. G. Williams established and maintained a famous stud of Shires, a renowned herd of Lincoln Red shorthorns and one of the best Hampshire Down flocks. Associated with this enterprise was Mr. H. W. Bishop, who is regarded as one of the best all-round judges of livestock in England to-day. The history of stock-breeding at Pendley during the last twenty-five years is almost without parallel. Mr. Bishop, as manager of the Pendley Stock Farms, has remained to see a succession of owners take command, and each owner in turn has proved equally successful with the Pendley prefix. The late Mr. Williams' interests in the venture were jointly acquired by Mr. Bishop and Mr. Measures. This partnership lasted for a few years, when Major J. A. Morrison of Basildon acquired the farms together with the stock. Some of the pick of the Basildon livestock were sent to Pendley on the dispersal of the Basildon herds and flocks. I have often emphasised the fact that, to be really successful with livestock breeding, continuity in control is almost essential. Breeding is a science, the results of which have to be carefully studied in order that corrections can be made. Changes may easily destroy all this carefully gained experience, and when a new herd or stud has to be founded afresh the breeder in many cases has practically to start at the beginning. An established herd, however, represents a collection of home-bred stock which have that desirable quality, uniformity of type. In addition, the owner possesses an intimate knowledge of the herd's ancestry. In purchasing the Pendley Stock Farms, the present owner, Sir Gomer Berry, entered into a possession of this character. One wishes that the same thing were more often possible, for the dispersal of famous studs, herds and flocks, while desirable from some points of view, is not always in the best interests of the breeds concerned, though it is true that others who are gifted as breeders may secure foundation stock with which to build others as good.

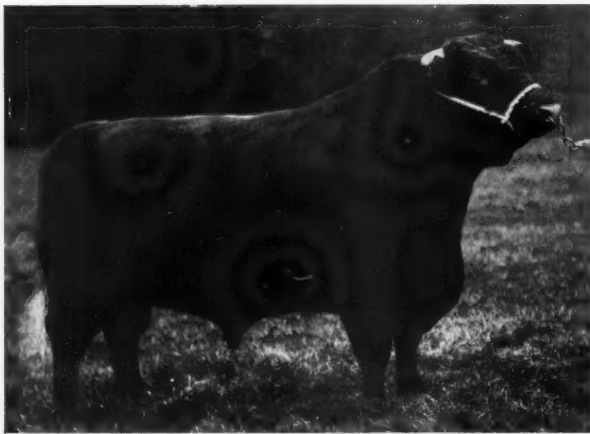
Sir Gomer Berry's property at Pendley extends approximately to 1,000 acres, and the pedigree stock-breeding activities cover Shire horses, shorthorn cattle, Hampshire Down sheep, Middle White and Berkshire pigs and various varieties of Sussex poultry. Every phase of stock-breeding is thus represented, so that Pendley is again in a peculiarly fortunate position, seeing that champions and potential champions exist among all sections of its livestock. Already the Pendley exhibits have proved invincible at the major agricultural shows this year, while at the Oxfordshire Show all the championships were annexed by Sir Gomer Berry's exhibits, a feat which can have been achieved but rarely by any one breeder.

The shorthorn cattle at Pendley are of the beef type, which are frequently known as the "Scotch" or "Cruickshank" shorthorn, from the fact that as specialised beef animals they were developed principally in Scotland and by the Cruickshanks in particular. Some authorities take exception to the distinction between beef and dairy shorthorns, but the independent observer is bound to record that there is a marked division between the two. The beef breeders concentrate solely on form and quality of

carcass, and although some quite good milch cows occur among the beef animals, these are only of secondary importance with those purely concerned with the breeding of beef cattle. There are breeders of dairy cattle who make a point of employing in their herds bulls of beef descent in order to maintain the stamina of the herd and at the same time ensure that the steer calves will make good fattening beasts. It is probably safe to say that there is plenty of scope for the using of well bred beef bulls in this way, and particularly when dairy farmers are not in the habit of raising the produce bred in their own herds. The main market, however, for the good beef shorthorn bulls is for export to the Colonies and the Argentine. The trade for beef breeds in this country has been of a very disappointing character within recent years, due partly to the fact that home beef production has not been prospering, while the export markets have been seriously affected by the restrictions enforced as a result of foot-and-mouth disease. These circumstances have combined to create a depression in the breeding world, and many well known herds have been dispersed in consequence. There are comparatively few English breeders to carry the responsibilities of breeding and exhibiting beef shorthorns, and the Pendley herd is one of the outstanding.

The foundation cattle at Pendley were acquired from many sources. The leading herds in Scotland have contributed their quota, while good pedigrees and good individual animals have been regarded as essential. They have cost a lot of money, but the expenditure has been looked upon as a sound investment.

As in other departments of stock-breeding, certain pedigrees carry great weight with breeders of the Scotch type of shorthorn. Some are apt to ascribe such preferences merely to fashion, but generally there has been some sound reason for the choice. Families which are popular to-day often go back in their descent to some of the famous cows owned by the founders and improvers of the breed. It was discovered by these early breeders that out of a large number of cows in their possession a few proved to be particularly prepotent and that the qualities which distinguished the dams tended to be handed down to the daughters with almost unflinching regularity in subsequent generations. The Pendley herd comprises about a dozen of these famous families, which are designated by such titles as Augusta, Brawith Bud, Broadhooks, Clipper, Goldie, Lavenda, Miss Ramsden, Nonpareil and Princess Royal, to mention some of the best known. Despite the experience of relative price depression in recent years, there are still high prices made of the best quality animals, and these are not all realised in public auctions. Thus one of the best breeding cows in the herd—a Miss Ramsden—was bought privately in town. A party of breeders held a private dinner party at which Captain J. MacGillivray of Calrossie, Lord Lovat and Major Morrison were present. Captain MacGillivray mentioned that he had a good Miss Ramsden heifer, whereupon Major Morrison asked how much she would cost if she was to be sold. The sum of 700 guineas was mentioned, at which Lord Lovat, who had seen the animal in question, offered 900 guineas. Major Morrison, however, settled the matter by a further bid of 50 guineas, and the Miss Ramsden heifer went to Pendley,



CLUNY BEAUTY CHIEF.
The Stock Bull.



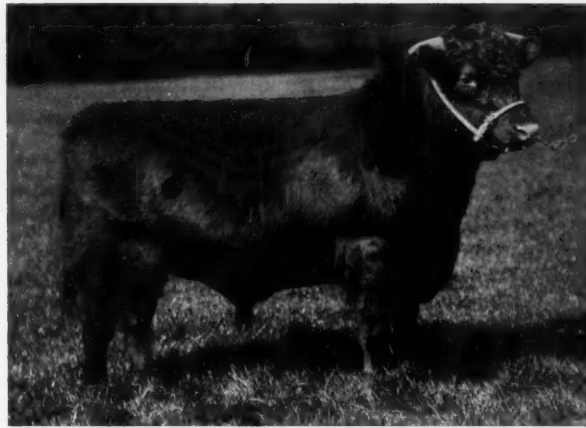
SHORTHORN BULL, BASILDON ARISTOCRAT.
1st Oxfordshire Show and many other prizes.



BASILDON AUGUSTA FOURTH.
Shorthorn Cow. 1st Oxfordshire Show.



YEARLING BULL, CLUNY ROSEWOOD ROVER.
Reserve at Peterborough this Spring.



YEARLING BULL, BASILDON ROSICRUCION.
Champion and Supreme Champion at the Royal Show.

where she is now a great breeding cow. As one comes to study the Pendley cattle one realises how much they owe to the great herds of other breeders.

While many herds possess a reputation for the excellence either of their bulls or cows, at Pendley there is an even balance between the two sexes. At this year's shows Pendley exhibits have stood at the top both of the bull and heifer classes. But the question of continuing to exhibit heifers is at the moment in doubt. Experience here has shown that heifers made up for show are always liable to give trouble when they subsequently enter the breeding herd, especially in respect of post-parturition troubles. It is almost essential that the females of the breed should be exhibited, but a perfect condition of fattening is not by any means ideal for a breeding animal.

Among the bulls, which are an outstanding group, there is a wealth of excellent breed type. The principal stock bull is Cluny Beauty Chief, which, as the prefix indicates, is of Lady Cathcart's breeding. Lady Cathcart is one of the most successful breeders in Scotland to-day, her herd having been established in 1878, while the sales of her stock at Perth have always been highly successful. Cluny Beauty Chief was champion at the Oxfordshire Show and is wonderfully short on the leg—in fact one of the shortest-legged bulls I have ever seen. His conformation is very much like that of a good Aberdeen-Angus, particularly in the thighs. He was bought at Major Cooper's sale for 1,100 guineas, and came to Pendley because he was known to be a proved stock-getter. This is important in all breeding, and experience indicates that a large sum of money expended on a proved sire is far better than a smaller sum spent on an unproved sire. Another bull of Lady Cathcart's breeding is the yearling Cluny Rosewood Rover. This bull was first and reserve champion at Perth this spring and cost Sir Gomer 720 guineas. He has already justified his purchase by his show-yard record at the

summer shows, among other wins being first at the Royal Counties. Basildon Rosicrucion is another yearling bull with a fine reputation. A month older than the Perth purchase, he was champion at the Bath and West and first at the Three Counties Shows. One can judge of the opinion held of him at Pendley when it is mentioned that 1,000 guineas has been refused for him. Among Scotch shorthorns some very good white bulls are usually to be found. The yearling Basildon Rampier, out of a Miss Ramsden dam and by a bull sold to go to Australia for 4,000 guineas, was awarded first prize at Peterborough. Another outstanding

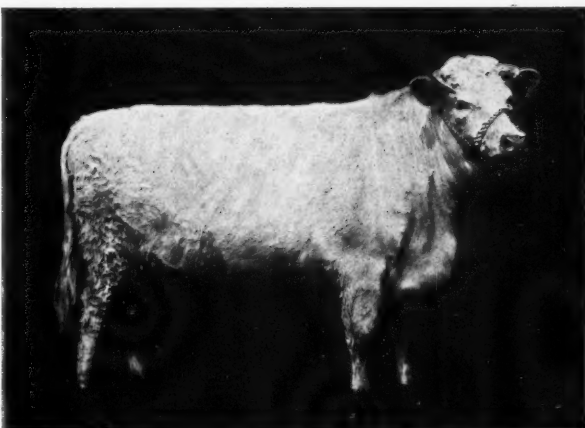
bull is the two year old Basildon Aristocrat, the winner of his class at the Oxfordshire, and with a great record at the 1929 shows. He is of the Butterfly family and is a bull with true beef quality.

Among the cows and heifers which have been "made up" for this year's shows, the representative for the cow classes is the red roan nine year old Basildon Augusta 4th. Her sire cost Major Morrison 1,000 guineas. This cow, as the illustration shows, combines length, depth and breadth of body on a short leg, which are the proportions that every beef producer tries to secure as his ideal. This cow was first at the Oxfordshire Show. The representative for the two year old classes is the white Basildon Christina 5th. She was by a high-priced bull

of Mr. Duthie Webster's breeding, and was placed second both at the Oxfordshire and Three Counties Shows. The yearling heifers are, perhaps, the most notable of all the females at Pendley. Three animals from the herd competed in the yearling heifer class at the Royal Counties Show, and the first three awards were secured. The leading heifer is the roan Augusta Belle, bred by Mr. Duthie Webster, who inherited the late William Duthie's famous herd at Collynie in Aberdeenshire. The Scotch shorthorn owes more to the Duthie influence than to any other breeder after the Cruickshanks, and this heifer, which is rich in the blood which has made several Scottish herds famous, should prove



YEARLING BULL, BASILDON RAMPIER.



G. H. Parsons.
TWO-YEAR HEIFER, BASILDON CHRISTINA FIFTH.
1st Warwickshire Show.



Copyright.
YEARLING HEIFER, AUGUSTA BELLE.
1st Oxfordshire and the Royal, 1st and Champion at Warwickshire.

a valuable foundation animal at Pendley. Of the two show companions of this heifer, another, *viz.*, Violet Bloom, was bred at Collynie, while the third of the group, *viz.*, Violet 28th, was bred by Mr. J. Durno, also in Aberdeenshire. There is some difference of opinion as to which of the last two is the better.

They are, however, heifers of which any breeder might be proud. It is certainly fortunate for the success of the shorthorn breed that a man with Sir Gomer Berry's enthusiasm and interest should be associated with it, and particularly that one of the leading herds of the breed belongs to this country. H. G. ROBINSON.

WEST COUNTRY OTTER-HUNTING



CROSSING THE RIVER.

THE late Lord Balfour is reputed to have said that modern ballroom dancing reminded him "of nothing so much as a country walk, slightly impeded by a person of the opposite sex." There was once a youth—a raw and ignorant youth—who was accustomed each August to spend two or three weeks in the west country. Being, as he fondly imagined, a fox hunter of experience, he naturally attended any local meets of the otterhounds, and after three uneventful days in as many years, he was sufficiently impertinent to sum up the procedure on much the same lines as Lord Balfour, the impediment to the country walk being in this case a pack of hounds. Let us hasten to add that he has since become a reformed character.

It was the fox-hunting experience which really led to this shameful confession of ignorance. To the complete stranger to the hunting field, three blank days in successive years might merely confirm the suspicion that the ways of the otter and the otter hunter are inscrutable, and that, perhaps, blank days are part of the routine. But the fox hunter knows that in his branch of the chase blank days are an indication of failure on the part of the Hunt staff. Every pack, of course, has "duty draws," where there is no possibility of finding a fox, but they should normally be worked into some scheme which will allow of a certain find in the evening. A succession of blank days from the same meet would be considered unpardonable in fox-hunting—why should they be excused in the case of otter-hunting? No information was forthcoming from the other members of the field, for the learned otter hunter does not wish to expound his lore to all and sundry, and to run the risk of appearing to patronise. So this presumptuous youth, whom we may call N (or M) was left to conclude that otter-hunting was a genial but foolish pastime.

Then in the following year he went out once more with the same pack, and the scales fell from his eyes. His education was taken in hand by a friendly member of the field, who was a past-master in the art of hunting the otter. The cardinal fact was explained to him that, judged by human standards, whereas the fox is just the local poacher, with a regular home and a small hunting ground, the otter is, by comparison, a gipsy—a poacher too, but, above all, a restless traveller. Just as the gipsies follow the lanes, reappearing at the same spot at irregular intervals, here to-day and gone to-morrow, leaving behind them a circle of wood ashes, some rags and a few old tins, so the otters work up and down the rivers, using routes by which otters have travelled for centuries, and, for those who know where and how to look, leaving traces of their passage. But they are continually on the move, so that the otter hunter can seldom, if ever, put his hounds on to the water with the certainty of finding at once, in the same way that a huntsman may put foxhounds into a covert with the chances a hundred to one in favour of finding within five minutes. The otter hunter can only hope that his hounds will indicate by their keenness that an otter has lately passed that way. So much for the first great distinction between

fox-hunting and otter-hunting. The second is concerned with the difference in scenting conditions. There are very few packs of foxhounds now which ever make use of the fox's drag, that is to say, the record of his travelling during the previous night, in order to hunt up to the fox himself. The process, slow enough in the early morning, is almost impossible after an eleven o'clock meet. But since an otter's drag must necessarily follow the river or its tributaries, it can be hunted in a disjointed fashion when many hours old. For N a burst of hound music meant a fox not more than ten or fifteen minutes ahead. So when first he saw otter-hounds hit off a line and drive along the river bank with a fine cry, it was a little disappointing to be told that they were probably tracing the course of some midnight frogging expedition, and that the otter himself might very easily be four or five miles away. With a faint drag, that is to say, just a touch under a tree here or a whiff from an old holt there, the otter might be a day or two ahead!

The third distinction involves the danger of hunting "heel," *i.e.*, following the drag in the reverse direction to that travelled by the otter. A fox has, in any case, only a few minutes' start, and is so often viewed during the average hunt that when foxhounds hit off a line, it should be obvious in which direction their fox was going, and it is very seldom indeed that a good huntsman allows his pack to run heel for more than a few yards. In fact, a reliable pack, close to their fox, usually know enough about fox-hunting to refuse to run heel. But the otter hunter, puzzling out the overnight drag of his otter, is in a very different position. Supposing that he hits off a drag as soon as the hounds are put on the water, how is he to know whether his otter is above or below him? The drag will probably not be fresh enough for the hounds themselves to decide—they will almost certainly run on in the direction in which they were pointing when first they touched the line. Even supposing that the first mile upstream, say, is blank, and that hounds then race away with a good drag, it is by no means certain that they are not running heel, for the otter might have entered the water at that point and swum down-stream past the place where hounds began to draw.

The water itself, of course, carries no drag, though the scent of an otter swimming is actually carried down in some mysterious way on the surface of the water for some hundreds of yards—a phenomenon known to otter hunters as the "wash." The drag, then, will exist only where the otter has landed. It will be comparatively weak where he has just touched a bunch of rushes or a rock, stronger where he has cantered overland across a bend or made an excursion up a ditch in search of frogs, and strongest of all where he has sunned himself on the river bank or curled up for a few hours' sleep under the roots of a convenient tree. From this fitful record, combined with any visible traces of the wanderer's activities, the huntsman must endeavour to decide how long ago the otter passed and in which direction he was pointing. In the unravelling of these two problems lies the fascination of otter-hunting, and their successful

solution calls for powers of observation and deduction second only to those of the immortal Sherlock Holmes.

It is not intended to expound here even the most elementary principles of the otter hunter's art—as to the higher flights, it would be an impertinence to hold forth upon points which only those who have grown grey in the pursuit of the otter may be considered worthy to discuss. But a note of warning may be offered to those who would dismiss the sport as a glorified form of water-rat hunting. The case of N, mentioned above, may be taken as typical. Once these three great differences between hunting the fox and the otter had been explained to him, the whole subject assumed an entirely new aspect. It began to dawn upon him that perhaps those three "country walks" which he had previously witnessed were not blank days after all. It was certainly true that hounds had never spoken to a line, but perhaps a careful observer might have noticed that they were hunting what in the west country is known as "a silent trail," as opposed to "a speaking trail." After that, strict attention to the hounds, to the river and to the words of wisdom escaping from the lips of the huntsman continued the education so fortunately begun. He learnt to look for "spur marks" (i.e., the otter's footprints) on convenient spits of sand or mud; to estimate their age from their appearance of freshness, and to take note of the direction in which they were pointing. He heard, no longer with surprise, that on every river there are definite routes, involving special landing places, which are followed by nine otters out of ten travelling up or down in that neighbourhood. These landing places are exceeded in importance only by the holts in which the otters may be found during the daytime, and it is essential to be able to recognise them. A piece of moss freshly scraped from the lower side of a "landing stage" rock may supply valuable evidence that the otter is going up-stream. All otters do not, of course, follow *exactly* the same path, but they invariably "call in" at the usual places as they pass. On a swift-running stream a good drag running across all the bends of the river bank usually indicates an up-stream otter who has travelled much overland to avoid swimming against the current.

All these things and many more, such as the unravelling of a "double trail" (i.e., that of an otter which has retraced his steps during the night), N learnt from William, the huntsman of this west country pack. And when, a few years later, the old man one morning unslung the whip from across his shoulders—his son and sole whipper-in having ridden on from the meet to the next bridge with their two ponies—and handed it to N, asking him to "keep a little forward on the far side, an' kindly put th'ounds back when I blow m' whussle," N, by that time an undergraduate, began to realise that there are realms of education as yet untouched by Honour Moderations. The hounds with which William hunted the otter were a picked few from the little advertised but highly efficient pack with which, during the winter, he hunted the fox. Consequently, they both knew and loved him, and it would have been worth while carrying a whip for William, if only to realise how effectively one man *can* control

a pack of hounds. While drawing, the rabbits sitting out on the river bank provided an almost irresistible temptation, but if ever a puppy should succumb and snap one up from a bunch of rushes, the old man's "War' rarbut, Delicate! Put 'un down" was more than adequate reproof. Once he had found an otter, William was patience exemplified. His rivers were not big, but the pools in them were usually deep, washed out by the winter floods, and with rocks and tree roots innumerable there was ample holding for otters. The total number killed in a season was small, but nobody minded that. William did not hunt the country in order to keep down the otters, but rather to preserve them from being trapped—their inevitable fate in an unhunted country—and to provide the local sportsmen with a summer occupation. For N, a mere visitor to the otter-hunting field, the interest of a day under William's tuition lay not so much in the actual hunting, but rather in the finding of the otter, and even on a blank day many hours were well spent in hearing William discourse on the control of hounds in the field, on the subject of riot (in a rough country a problem even to the most expert), on kennel management, on feeding and, perhaps even more abstruse, the "running" of a country. William himself was such a well known and popular figure in his own country, which at that time was nominally under the control of a committee, that his efforts to rally the small farmers and even the rabbit trappers to the support of the foxhounds met with a success that no stranger could have hoped to achieve. But he did not conceal the fact that the secret of the success lay in constant attention to the wishes of every individual, not only in the winter, but in every month of the year. For that reason he welcomed the opportunities offered by the otter-hunting to have a word with the farmers in the outlying parts of his country, enquiring after the health of an invalid wife at one farm, asking for news of a litter of cubs at another, or arranging elsewhere for a grating to be placed over a drain where hounds ran to ground the previous season. Sometimes he would expatiate upon the individuals themselves, purposely broadening his dialect when quoting their remarks. "There's Mr. Brown, now," he would say, "out tu Longtoun. Last fair day he was a-talking about a fox taking his poultry, and said, 'If 'ee doarn't cum out ovr way sune, I'll shart 'un!' But he's puffedly all right and we'm vury good friends. 'Tes them as *pretends* to be supporters as does the harm"—a fact which is evident in walks of life other than fox hunting.

There is no sport more capable of abuse or more generally misunderstood than otter-hunting, as N was afterwards to learn. But when properly conducted none can be more dignified or more fascinating. To those who have never been privileged to learn even the first principles is addressed this account of how a mistaken impression was corrected. One person at least has found his ideal occupation for a summer's day—to study under a master of the art the pursuit of the otter for the sake not of the kill, but of the chase, and to learn among those charming river valleys of the west country some secrets of the successful handling of a pack of hounds.

M. F.



DOWN STREAM.

COWES WEEK, 1930

THE SOLENT SCENE

"COWES is no longer a half-civilised resort of sailing men," grumbled a diehard yachtsman. "It is now a Court." This remark, preserved for us in *The Memorials of the Royal Yacht Squadron*, was made a good many years ago. But even then someone might have retorted that "it never was." The fact is that before the yachts came to Cowes—and that was over a century ago—it was a building and fitting-out place for merchantmen and men-o'-war. And right up to some seventy years ago it continued to be a specially favoured port of call for merchant ships.

Men yet living can recall the days when a hundred clippers could be counted in the Roads, inward or outward bound. Their lordly captains used to go on shore to drink champagne. These entertainments, as between princes, explain why there are so many public houses along the winding High Street, and why they still retain a flavour of their spacious prime—for they are still used by sea captains.

It is true, however, that as long ago as 1800 there was some pleasure sailing done at Cowes. In that very year, for example, there was sailed a terrific match between vessels owned by Mr. Joseph Weld—the most famous of pioneer racing yachtsmen—and a Mr. Sturt of Branksea Island. This race, of which contemporary records give hair-raising accounts, was the first of those sailed for the very heavy private wagers which distinguished the first phase of Solent yacht racing.

But at that time the peace of the seas was not sufficiently assured to permit any wide expansion of private sailing. All the same, Cowes was becoming well known as a watering place, and as a particularly well suited spot for the newly discovered pleasure of sea bathing. It became popular with leisured folk; but the bulk of these were content to leave the ardours and delights of sailing to a few salt-water enthusiasts. These enthusiasts were yet numerous enough, however, to give Cowes

a good start as a yachting centre. Forty-two of them met at the Thatched House Tavern in London, about the year 1815, and founded the Cowes Yacht Club.

The Cowes Yacht Club eventually became the Royal Yacht Squadron. So much has been written concerning this club that every reader is likely to have heard ten thousand times of its unique social position. It is often wrongly assumed, however, that the "exclusiveness" for which this famous institution is renowned is a recent thing, a latter-day intensification of an earlier slight tendency. But in the sense that it shows an uncommon discrimination in the election of its members, the Royal Yacht Squadron is no more "exclusive" to-day than the old Cowes Yacht Club was in 1815.

Some amusing things have been said about the ferocious black-balling that was a characteristic of the Club at one time. One old member said: "I always pill a man I am tired of seeing, and any man I don't know." While outside comment crystallised in such remarks as: "The annual black-balling of candidates for the membership of the Royal Yacht Squadron duly took place yesterday." But a more discerning estimate was that of the journalist who wrote: "It is precisely this black-balling that makes the club to be so highly considered as it is, for in England the test of superiority is not looked for in the actual worth of a thing, but in the number of people who can be prevented from enjoying it!"

The fact is that when the pleasure of sailing began to attract people to the Solent, there was soon added the attraction of a small society formed of the most brilliant and charming men and women of the time. It was said of these early gatherings, "which were content to find accommodation in exiguous yacht cabins and in single-bedrooms at exorbitant rents in the narrow streets, that for seven days you belonged to one large family of the nicest and prettiest people in England. You idled under their balconies at all hours of the day and night, dined with



CAMBRIA. WHITE HEATHER. LULWORTH AND SHAMROCK.
G. L. A. Blair. CROSSING THE LINE.

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1930.

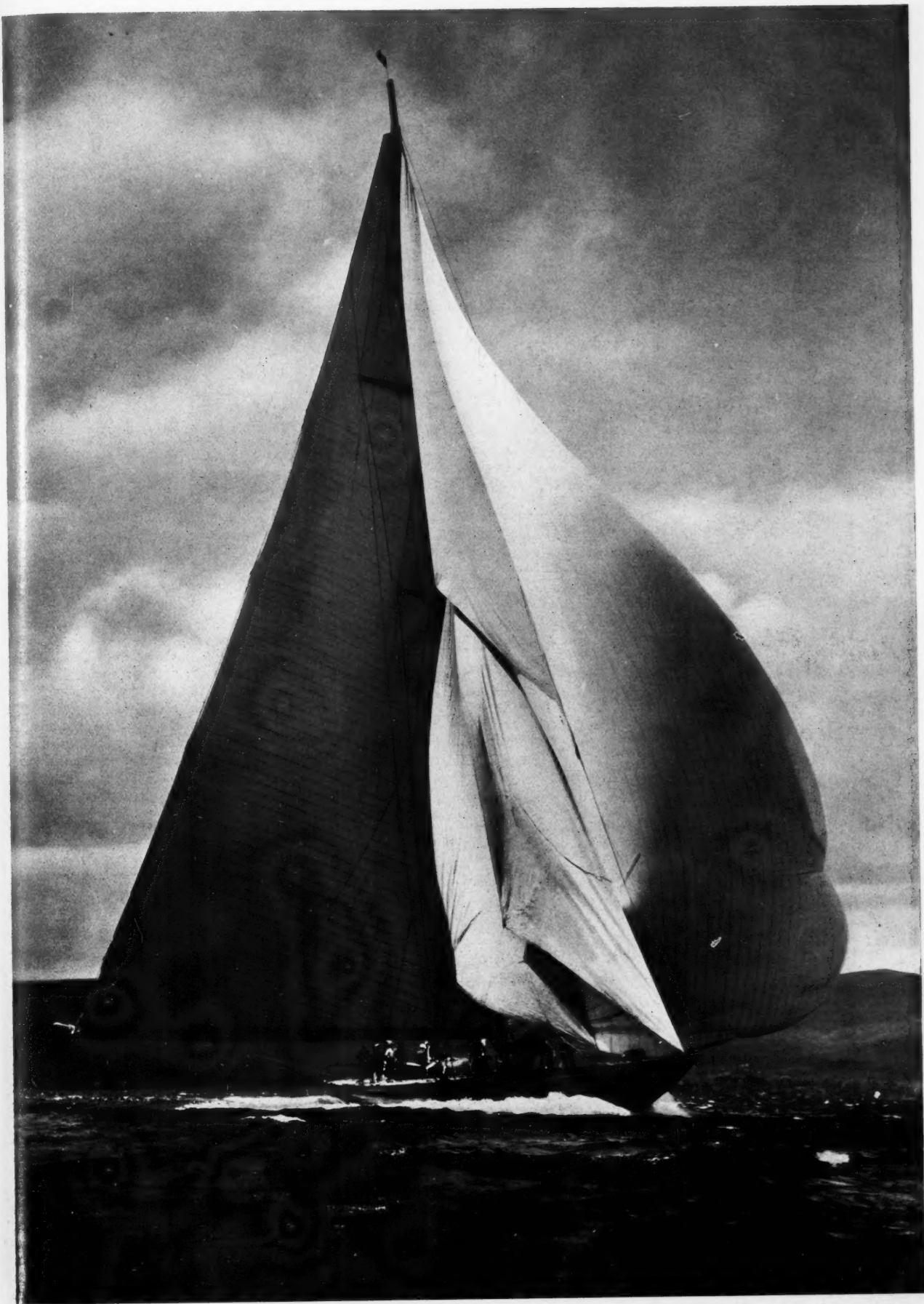
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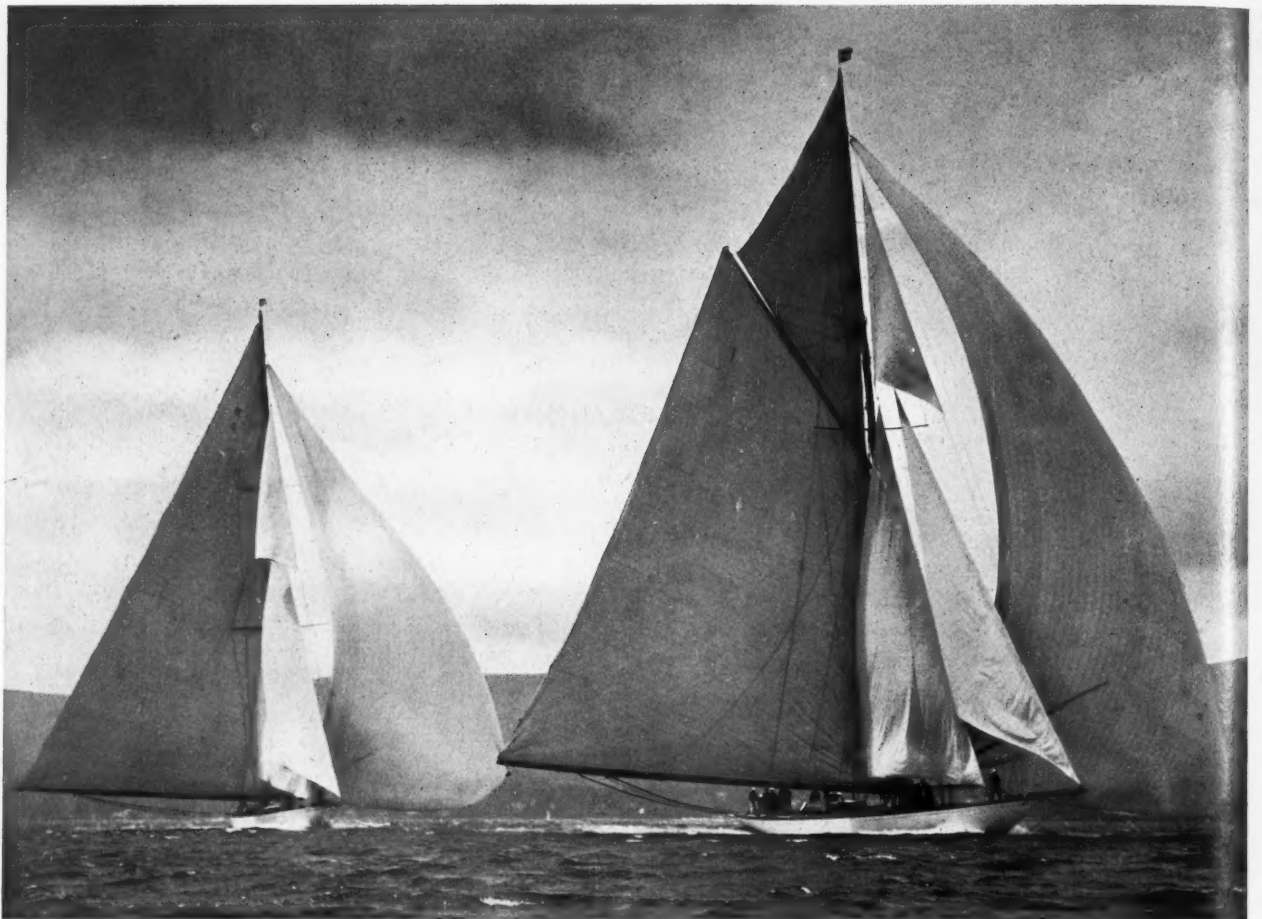


G. L. A. Blair.

SHAMROCK V BEFORE THE WIND.

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WHITE HEATHER WITH CAMBRIA LEADING.



G. L. A. Blair.

LULWORTH.

Copyright.

them when you were hungry, sailed with them when you were nautical, flirted with them when you were amorous."

To-day, the spirit of the party has not changed at all, only there is more of it, so to speak. The congestion is terrific, and must be seen—and felt—to be believed. The yacht cabins are still exiguous (unless you are lucky enough to be a guest on one of the more queenly craft), and the back-street bedrooms are charged for even more exorbitantly. Many more thousands visit Cowes during the "Week" than you would think the place could hold. And it can't. Even after the excursion steamers have withdrawn from the packed piers, it is still a puzzle to think where those that are left are going to sleep. A matter of two or three thousand will sleep on board their own or someone else's yacht, the overflow from the hotels will be squeezed out over the rest of the Island, some—in fine weather, many—will spend the night out of doors.

And what have they all come to see? Part of the sight-seeing crowd, a part almost totally feminine, asks nothing better of each day than that they shall secure a good vantage point from which to scrutinise the coming and going of notables from the Royal Yacht Squadron, and there is more coming and going from these precincts on any one day in Cowes Week than in all the rest of the year put together.

In this connection, by the way, there is an amusing anecdote about a famous Squadron character—William, the waiter. William always kept a lynx-eyed watch for persons he suspected of being about the place when they had no right there. One day in the slack season Sir Richard Collinson, who was an honorary member by reason of his office, came out on the

platform. While he was yet afar off he was espied by William, who accosted the stranger and asked him who he was and what he wanted.

SIR RICHARD : I'm Deputy-Master of Trinity House.

WILLIAM : Then you can walk about here and as far as the signalman's box.

SIR RICHARD : But I want some luncheon.

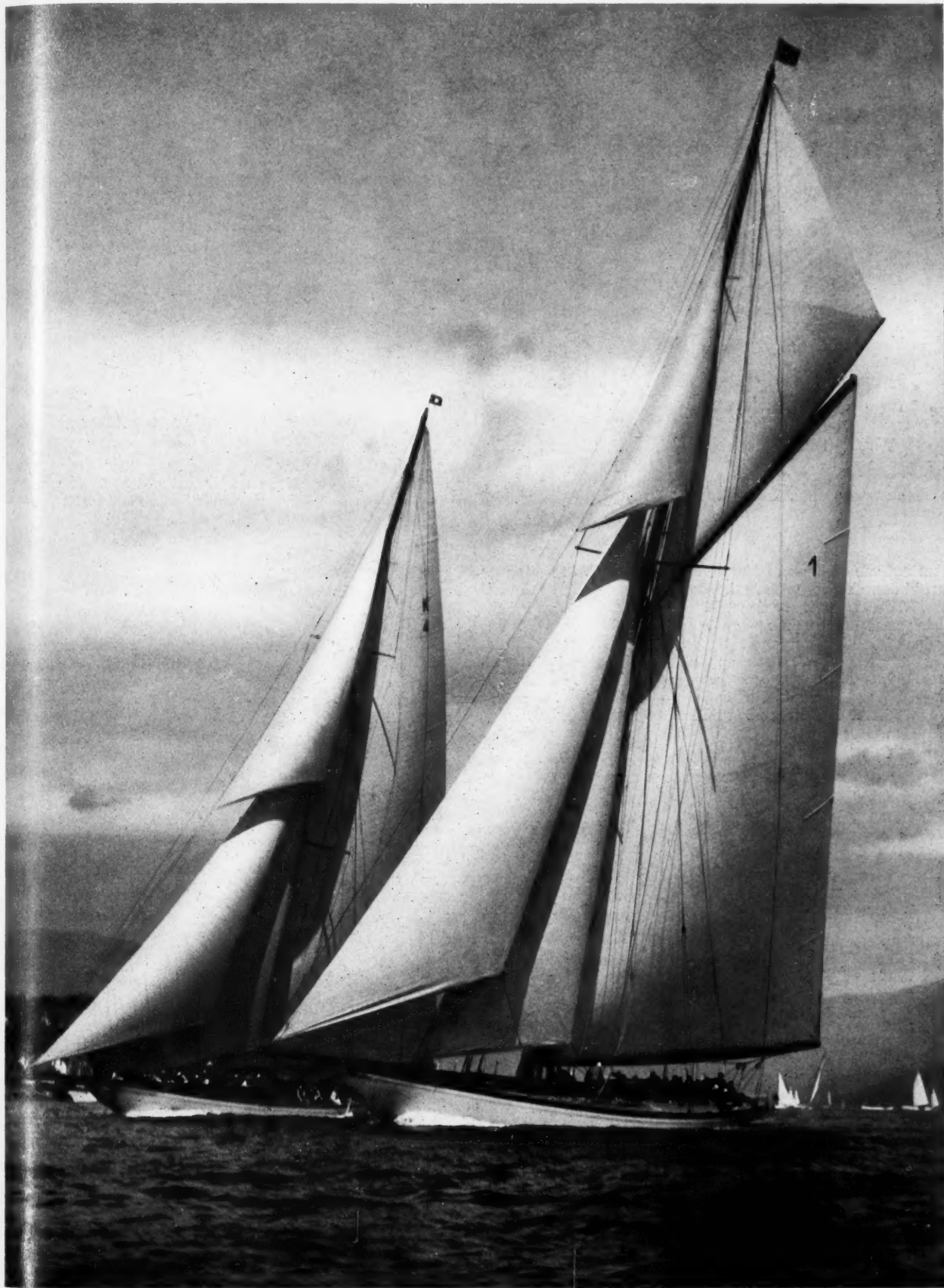
WILLIAM : Then you can't 'ave any.

SIR RICHARD : But I thought we had the *entrée* ?

WILLIAM : You won't get no *entrées* 'ere.

William's weird appearance and casual manner must have inspired the stage version of the comic waiter. He was intimidated by no one. Another distinguished Squadron member tells this story about him :

" I met the faithful William wandering about the passage with empty glasses. As I had not paid him for my last brandy-and-soda, he shed briny tears of joy on seeing me, as he thought I had been lost in some of the late gales.



G. L. A. Blair.

CLOSE QUARTERS: WHITE HEATHER AND CAMBRIA.

Copyright.



VENCLA.

"What! You've come back?" he said, with a friendly leer of recognition.

"Yes, I've come back," I answered.

"Ah, well. Then you owes me a shilling."

But no member was exempt from William's discipline, enforced by the familiar address which amused without offending everybody. One day, for example, Mr. Arthur Davenport went into the dining-room, and seeing the table laid for dinner, turned down a chair to show that he meant to dine. A moment later William put it up again. Mr. Davenport returned and, seeing this, put the chair down once more. William put it up again. On Mr. Davenport remonstrating, William insisted that it was not the custom, and observed that, as far as Mr. Davenport's privileges as a member went, he ought to be thankful he had been elected at all.

We have, however, come to Cowes to look not shorewards,



FINVOLIA, VENCLA AND SAGA.

but seawards. And what a sight it is! From Old Castle Point right along to that other point called Egypt, in the west, the wide roadstead is packed so tight with craft of all sorts, all shapes and all sizes, that you would think not another vessel could find a berth. Nor could it without great difficulty, for those vessels which arrive late for the festival are elbowed out into deeper water and the full rush of the tide.

The massive bulk of the grey man-o'-war doing duty as guardship looms beyond the anchored fleet; but, though it dominates, it does not oppress the scene, probably because the pleasure fleet is irrepressibly gay. For a great many years the favourite colour for a yacht was black; but in comparatively recent times white has been the prevailing colour, mainly, it appears, because black topsides are hot and rather more difficult to keep immaculate. Still, nothing looks smarter than well kept black-enamelled topsides, and

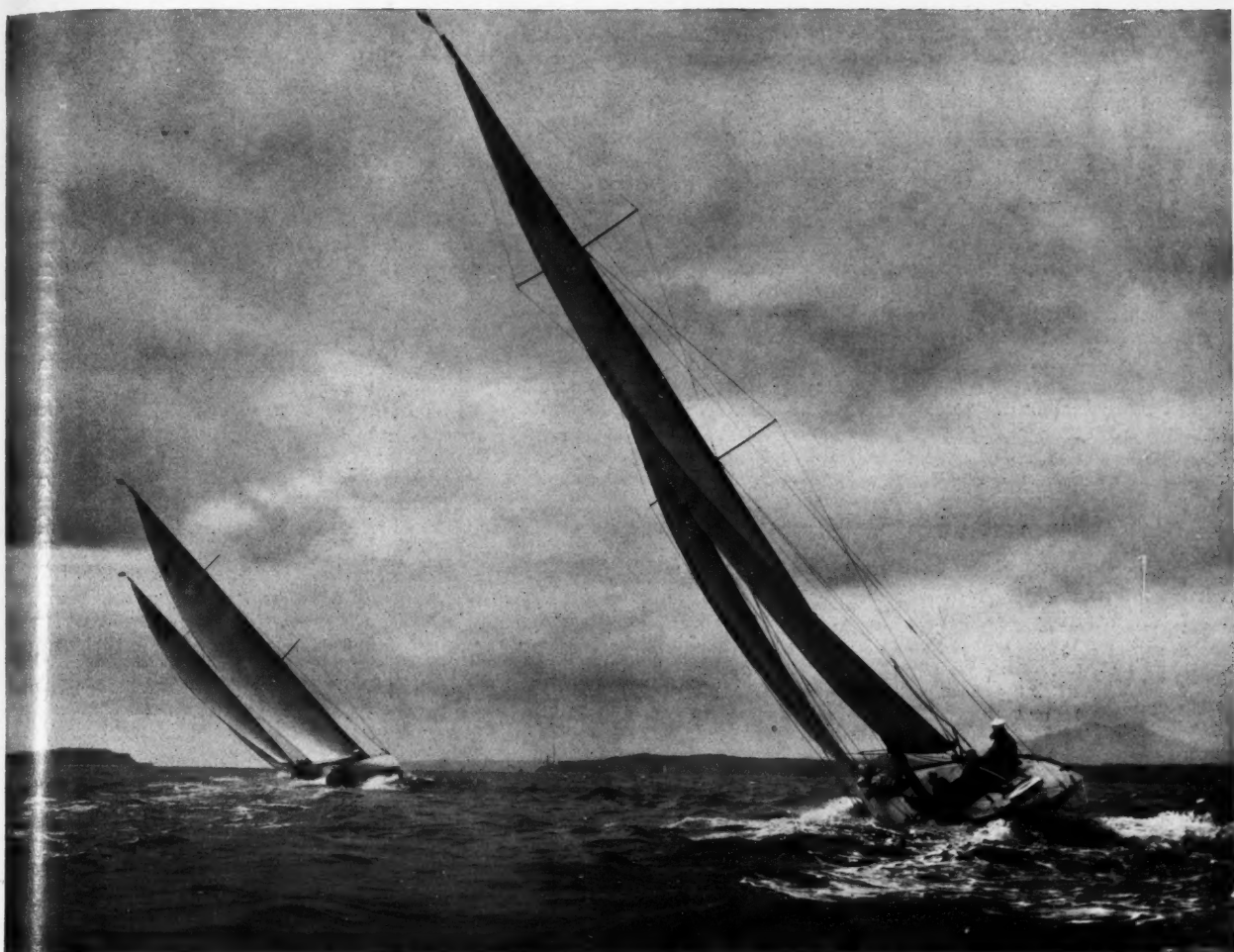


G. L. A. Blair. SCOTTISH ISLANDS BOATS.



MEDEA LEADING.

Copyright.



THE EIGHT-METRE CLASS: SULAIRE, ANITA AND SAGITTA.



G. L. A. Blair.

SIX-METRE YACHTS IN THE CLYDE.

Copyright.

there are black yachts a-plenty—the King's old *Britannia*, for example. Lately, however, there has been an increased liking for colours other than black. Not all shades are suitable, but some shades of green are very successful, none more so than the exquisite emerald of *Shamrock's* hull. Small racing craft experiment freely in colour (one advantage of different colourings is that small craft of the same class can be easily distinguished), and very pretty are their reds, blues and yellows, though sometimes it is the very Dickens to preserve the shade of one's choice throughout the wind and rain, salt water and sun of an English yachting season.

But it is in the flags—ensigns, burgees and owners' racing flags—that colours are most lavishly used and boldly displayed. It is a spectacle to delight, bewilder and, maybe, pain the student of heraldry. Not a device or emblem that can be worn is absent from that fluttering multitude. To begin with, there are the national colours of many nations, for Cowes has become an international affair, or, rather, an international maritime pageant. Then each racing vessel possesses its owner's special flag; when she is not racing she flies the burgee of the owner's club, like a cruising yacht. Since there are some hundreds of yacht clubs, and no two fly the same burgee, and very few fly even the same ensign—well, you can imagine!

The ensigns and the burgees of British yacht clubs form, as it were, a sort of heraldic pageant or display of the growth of amateur seafaring, though they show such great diversity that one would need to be learned in this lore to read them aright. These differences—red, white and blue ensigns, plain and defaced, and burgees showing quaint devices—mostly have their origin in some privilege granted long ago. These distinctions and traditions are jealously preserved (and very rightly) by the clubs which possess them.

There is one striking peculiarity, however, which everyone remarks, and this is the use by vessels owned by members of the Royal Yacht Squadron of the white ensign of the Royal Navy. In the early days of private cruising the white ensign was worn (as the phrase is) by most yachts of the time, and there do not appear to have been any restrictions as to its use by members of recognised yacht clubs. But about the middle of last century, however, complaints were made of irregularities committed in foreign ports by vessels wearing the white ensign.

Shortly afterwards the Admiralty withdrew its permission for the use of the flag from all clubs save the Royal Yacht Squadron. This order was strongly criticised, and it is said that in one historic Irish club, formed before the Squadron, resentment still smoulders.

A facetious Naval officer, showing a visitor over his ship, put it this way: "You will notice that, being one of His Majesty's ships, we have the privilege of flying the ensign of the Royal Yacht Squadron."

To-day there are afloat more privately owned vessels than at any other time. Much of the increase in yacht tonnage is due without doubt to the great progress of the marine motor. But side by side with this development there has been a scarcely less remarkable increase in the numbers of racing and cruising yachts, which may or may not possess the now fashionable auxiliary engine. This is demonstrable from that fascinating publication, *Lloyd's Register of Yachts*; but it can be better seen, in the newer forms of an old beauty, at Cowes, in Cowes Week.

Cowes Week, fortunately, extends rather longer than a bare seven days, for it were a pity if the beautiful concourse of vessels was assembled almost as soon as it must disperse. The King usually arrives on the preceding Friday, and the first day's racing which His Majesty enjoys is ordinarily the regatta given on the next day by the Royal Southampton Yacht Club. On the following Monday the programme is arranged by the Royal London Yacht Club, then follows the four-day fixture given by the Royal Yacht Squadron, and a regatta given by the Royal Southern Yacht Club on Saturday.

In the course of this crowded programme sport will be provided for every class of old and new racing vessels, while the international classes, the "cracks" of every size, race every day.

In short, there is so much going on all day long that it is sheer waste to try to follow one particular vessel in one particular race. And even if you don't know one end of a ship from t'other, and have to ask some other bystander to point out the incomparable *Britannia*, it doesn't matter. For if you have an eye for beauty at all, that organ will be gorged and sated before the day is over with the many million separate pictures of the sea, sky, and sails that make up the pageant of Cowes.

JOHN SCOTT HUGHES.

NINE MONTHS OF STEEL

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

SOME nine months have now passed since there dropped suddenly into our midst the exciting bombshell of steel shafts. The first tremendous boom is now, I imagine, over; the clubmakers are not having to work quite so hard as they did; a very large number of golfers have made sufficient trial of steel to form an opinion, and one may now, perhaps, venture on some sort of summary of the general experience.

One great difficulty is to know how much reliance is to be placed on the judgment of golfers in their own cases. We are all extremely fallible mortals, inclined to believe what we want to believe and disinclined to put our beliefs to any searching test if such a test be possible. When X says he drives "yards farther" with steel, and Y is certain that he does not drive so far, we feel that what they say may be true and, again, it may not. In the case of iron play, in which direction is the object, the difficulty is still greater, for whereas statements as to mere length can be proved or disproved by the yard measure, there is really no means of testing Z's vague and cheerful statement that he is "a miles better iron player than he used to be." Moreover, it is tolerably certain that steel shafts do not have the same effect in the case of different players, and so it must be impossible to lay down any general law without a number of exceptions.

With some hesitation, I affirm two things as shown by the experience of the average golfer, namely, that, as regards wooden-headed clubs, he keeps straighter with steel and finds it easier to get the ball up into the air. It seems to me very odd that this point of greater straightness was never heard of—at least, I don't think it was—until the steel shaft had been legalised and come into general use. When the Rules of Golf Committee were making up their august minds and were very properly trying to discover whether the steel shaft would hurt the game, they directed their enquiries, as far as I know, to the question of length. They satisfied themselves (as I suppose, for I am not in their confidence) that steel would not make

any real difference in length to the people that mattered, though it might make golfing life a little less drab and prostrating for middle-aged gentlemen of no account. I much doubt whether they had in their minds what is an undoubted fact that the common slice and hook are distinctly diminished by steel. As I said, we have only found this out gradually by our individual experience. The really terrific slice far into the tiger country, or the quick, vicious hook that would almost make the square-leg umpire jump for his life, cannot be said to be wholly things of the past, but I am sure they are much less frequent.

I suppose this is not a good thing for the game (whatever that expression may precisely mean), and if the authorities had fully appreciated it, possibly they would never have given their sanction. Still, I am glad they did, for they have given a good many of us inconsiderable people pleasure and have not made the game any easier for those who seem to find it so confoundedly easy already. Mr. Bobby Jones is an "all-hickory" as well as universal champion. Neither has any harm been done by the fact—I venture to say it is a fact—that a good many worthy persons who used to top all their winter brassey shots can now get, at any rate, a proportion of them up into the air. That makes no difference to champions who have hardly any brassey shots to play.

The question of whether most people can or cannot hit farther with steel is one that can be argued for ever. I do not know of any really big hitters who say that they can do so, but a great many of the rank and file, at any rate, imagine that they can. They may not, to-day, be quite so enthusiastic as when their clubs were brand new; they may not be quite so definite as to the number of yards they have gained; but they stick to their main point, and I, as one who has the same belief in his own case, believe them. Even if there is no intrinsic quality in steel that makes the ball go farther, I still think it is true, for two reasons. First, we are less afraid of slicing and less afraid of not getting the ball into the air. To be even partially

rid of those two fears is a great thing and may well make us swing our clubs more freely, so that we drive farther purely because we are swinging better. Secondly, we find it easier—this, at least, is my personal experience—to swing a bigger club, and a bigger club will, generally speaking, hit the ball farther than a smaller one. The steel shaft is lighter than the wooden one and, to me, at least, makes a full-sized man's club more easy to wield. Here are two possible reasons why the average player should drive rather farther; and another, of which many middle-aged golfers tell, is that they are conscious of getting more speed into their hit, the steel supplying something that the wrists do in the case of younger and lustier players. I admit that these arguments of mine may all be fallacious or exaggerated, but I do not think they are entirely so. To give my own egotistical experience, I am convinced that, on my good days, I can drive quite perceptibly farther with steel than wood, but I do find that length, as Mr. Bob Acres said of courage, will come and go. Still, when it goes I don't think I am quite so short as I used to be on my short hickory days, and that is something.

The general run of players have not taken to steel irons half so kindly as they have to steel drivers, and I doubt if they ever will. There is a slight feeling of "give" in a steel-shafted iron at the moment of hitting which is rather disturbing. One

who knows all about the making of steel shafts told me some time ago that he thought people would find that they could play with much springier irons than they had supposed. The question is whether they will take the trouble to learn to do so; my own struggles with a really springy one were disastrous, and I soon gave it up as a bad job. Even with the tolerably stiff ones I have found that I seldom hit farther, often hit crooked and generally sting my fingers. Far be it from me to say that such things are inevitable: I am sure they are not, but they have discouraged me and, I fancy, a good many other people too. Fortunately, I am not one of those lordly persons who buy their irons in "harmonised" sets: so my experiment, though unsuccessful, has not been ruinous.

Steel has not, I believe, removed one single golfer into a higher class than he was in before, but it has raised a good many a little higher up in their own class. It has made a good many people happy and has revived their interest in the game; if it has subsequently disappointed their wildest hopes, do not golfers, as a race, live in a vale of disappointment and grow used to it? It has made the hitting of a clean shot a little more melodious than it used to be, for no wooden shaft can quite equal the exquisite "swish" of the steel through the air. And that is something. If one cannot be a champion, it is pleasant to make a noise like one.

RIDING ALONG THE SUSSEX DOWNS

Miss J. C. Lanyon, the writer of this article, has recently spent a week's holiday in riding with a friend over the South Downs from Polegate to Elstead. In the article she gives a simple account of her experiences, and simple directions for those who wish to follow her example.

ON the Sussex Downs the horse-owner or hirer with the moderate purse can plan for himself a most delightful holiday. The roads and the cars run north and south, and in the valleys on these roads lie villages with clean inns and good farm stabling. Many of the contours of the downs run east and west, crowned by long level stretches of perfect turf. It is along such contours that the horseman's way lies. There you meet only isolated riders, shepherds or their flocks, a plough-team or an occasional knapsacked walker. The country seems to be without boundary and to belong to you and your horse.

If you make your progress well within compass of your powers, it can be a most restful holiday. On our 14h. ponies we covered only twelve or fifteen miles a day, for we lay out each lunch-time for a couple of hours' rest. During this peaceful time we lightened our pockets of sandwiches and the ponies and their nosebags of oats. And they cropped the short down grass while we ruminated, disturbing us occasionally to free a foot caught by the tether-rope. Distance was not the point.

We found adventure in going blindly through a sea mist on the heights, to drop down into sunshine, discovering below us a church spire and wondering whether our sense of direction had kept us true on our course. We were all excited to reach a sign-post and prove if we were nearing Alfriston or some other less expected village.

There is a thrill as you enter a village in the early evening and set about finding stabling and forage. And another when the ponies are so settled that a contented crunching sound fills the stable, and you leave them to go and discuss the possibilities of your own supper with the inn-keeper. Whatever it is, you anticipate it with a hunter's hunger.

If you and your friend and your beasts are of the easy kind, to whom a double bed or a cowshed (respectively) do not come amiss, you will find little trouble in the nightly search for lodging. At West Firle there were even stables ready for use beside the inn. The needs of the car had not there ousted those of the horse. And you will meet nice folk over it, who will accept you as a

horse-lover and not spurn you as a tripper, and will talk of crops and cattle and local trade.

Up on top of the Downs all day there is an ever-changing beauty of view, and with no reason to hurry you can draw rein to enjoy it. You will probably be unable to resist the temptation to leap the training jumps on that springy velvet turf. And after the exhilaration of a gallop you get off and your ponies' flanks heave while you study the map or the finger-post which points the green ways that the Pilgrims and Romans trod.

If you are caught in a storm of rain you should keep on, though the day may not clear. For it is beautiful up on the open land with the greyness and the clouds and the rain. And perhaps you will be as lucky as we were, and put up that wet night in a tiny inn (as was ours at Findon), where you are alone, where the parlour has a fire, and where you can dine barefoot, with wet shoes, macs. and saddlery beside your fire. In our own

case, had we arrived wet at the bigger hotels at Arundel or Pat- cham, I fear we should have been forced to leave the saddlery wet and to have a meal in our bedroom, unable to appear barefoot in the company of dinner jackets.

For your equipment must be of the slightest. Our ponies had head collars and ropes under their bridles. We carried rolled mackintoshes on the front of the saddles. Nosebags with the mid-day feed tied on one side of the saddle seat, and a saddle bag, rather like a child's school satchel, strapped on the other side. This contained maps, camera, grooming things, a tiny bit of saddle soap, night clothes and the minimum of etceteras. We could carry no spare clothes, so arranged to pick up a parcel at a post office half way through the time.

Our starting point was Polegate Station. We finished up at Elstead Station. We had one whole day of rest at Arundel, sleeping two nights there. We were away just a week.

The holiday had its excitements, as, for instance, when there was no good hay to be found in the village of East Dean, near Chichester. We went in the wood merchant's private car to search for some in the next hamlet, coming back with a half truss on the seat of the Morris saloon, to the amusement of all spectators.

Our expenses were very moderate. Railway boxing was



NEARING ALFRISTON.



IN THE VILLAGE OF WEST FIRLE.



ON THE TOP OF STANE STREET.

the heaviest in our case. We found that we paid usually 3s. up to 5s. a night for each pony for stabling, bedding, hay and three feeds of oats with bran and chaff. For ourselves, we paid from 5s. to 12s. 6d. each for supper, bed and breakfast. Our pocket space limited our lunch cost to about 9d. each.

We looked after our ponies entirely ourselves—the only safe way—so we had hardly any tips to give. It was a week's

holiday of healthy exercise and fresh air, any temptation to overdo it being curbed by consideration for a very young and a rather old pony.

We have gained a knowledge and appreciation of the Sussex Downs which is only possible either for those who set out to walk or, even better, for those who, like us, set out on horseback.

MODERN SCULPTURE

XXth Century Sculptors, by Stanley Casson. (Oxford University Press, 9s.)

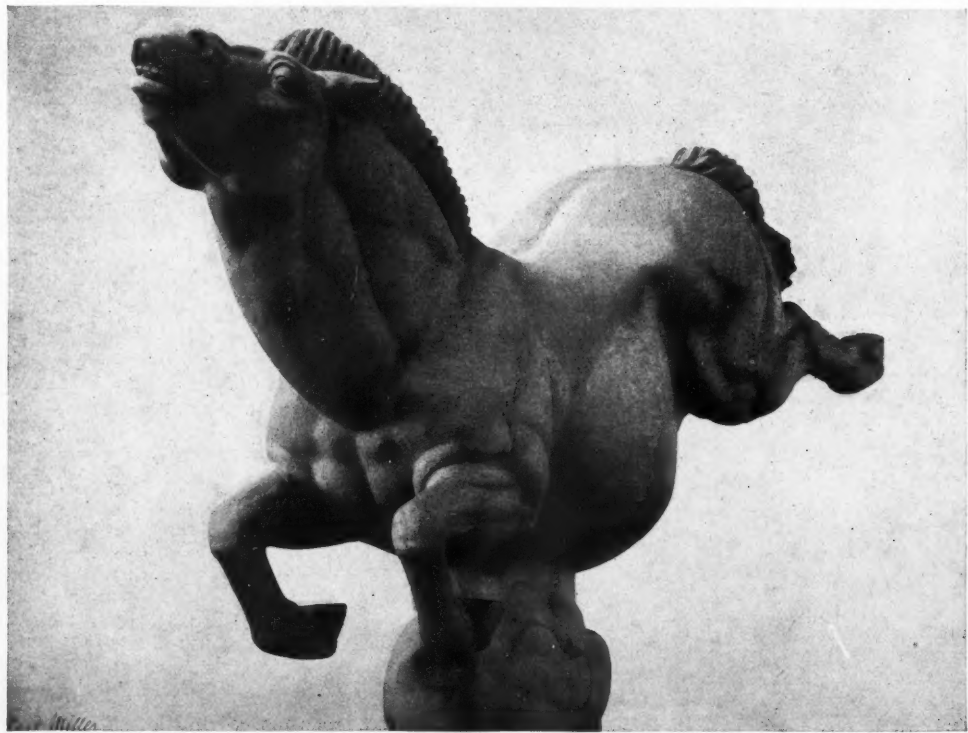
Modern Architectural Sculpture. Edited by W. Aumonier. (Architectural Press, 3 guineas.)

AT one of those genial "supper discussions" that the Architecture Club arranges from time to time, the relationship of sculpture to architecture was discussed by several exponents of the respective arts. On the one side we had Mr. Eric Gill protesting that serious sculpture has no more place on a modern building than on, say, the Forth Bridge. On the other, Mr. Lanchester maintained that the two arts are inseparable, sculpture providing the points of enriched texture that pure architecture cannot of itself contrive. These points of view represent the extremes—the mechanistic and the baroque. The truth seems to lie in between and to be expressed in the fact that, during recent years, sculpture

has become increasingly architectural and architecture sculptural. Modern buildings, such as the Underground Building or New York skyscrapers, are sculptural in themselves, the architect moulding their form upon an armature of steel. Similarly, sculptors are tending towards what Mr. Casson calls the "inorganic," towards expressing in form the abstract feelings hitherto reserved to architecture and music. Writing of the German sculptors, of whom Herzog is the foremost, he says:

Hitherto the only conjunction of the two has been a combination rather than a fusion: statues have been added to buildings, or parts of buildings have been reserved for carving. But these German artists see that the inorganic elements of architecture . . . may be used by the sculptor as well.

He is, perhaps, forgetting the sculpture-architecture of Egypt and the flowering time of Gothic, but the observation is true of



A RUNNING HORSE BY MILLES.

The illustrations of this article are from "Modern Architectural Sculpture."



ANADYOMENE FOUNTAIN. PAUL MANSHIP.

classic and modern architecture. Mr. Charles Marriott put the matter in a nutshell by saying that sculpture on a building breaks out where architecture has to become articulate, as Beethoven introduced voices into the Choral Symphony.

Of these two books, Mr. Casson's is constructive and critical, dealing principally with Milles, Manship and Dobson, in continuation of "Some Modern Sculptors," published last year. Mr. Aumonier, himself an architectural sculptor, has confined himself to few words but has amassed a most eloquent collection of photographs. It is a defect that in so catholic a collection the very living architectural sculpture of Scotland is not represented. Mr. Casson is an exceedingly lucid and forceable critic, who thinks deeply before he writes and does not like Mr. Epstein. In short, his views are at once sane and imaginative, and are best pleased with the work of Milles and Paul Manship. In discussing the former he makes the point that Milles "thinks in terms of the light that is to strike upon his statue . . . in other words he thinks continually in terms of the spectator." It is this dramatic sense, added to his other extraordinary gifts, that has made Milles "the most important figure in modern art"—the judgment is Mr. Casson's. It is a sweeping judgment, but if we regard this conjunction of sculpture and architecture as the most important movement in the art of our times, it is true, for Milles' work expresses the fusion to perfection and is yet full of a clean and joyous vitality.

C. H.

The Autocracy of Mr. Parham, by H. G. Wells. (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.)

THE spirit is comparatively willing to follow Mr. Wells into the desert places that he himself sees so clearly in the future; but the body continues to be weak, and to hanker after more of those character sketches that he tosses off so incidentally as he strides to the next peak of an Idea. In this book, for instance, the millionaire Sir Bussy, with his one comprehensive comment of "Gaw!", is adorable; but mostly so in those early chapters wherein Mr. Wells is accustomed to grapple his public to him with hooks of steel—only that he may impale them later on the horns of one of his frightful world-dilemmas. "Anyhow," says Sir Bussy to the academic mentor he has adopted, "we might sit in a corner together and you tell me something about Women. Like you've been telling me about Art. I been so busy, but I've always wanted to know." Who could resist a man like that? On art, too, Sir Bussy is enchanting. "Pickled prettiness," is his opinion of Old Masters. "Pickled loveliness, if you like . . . And a lot of it not very lovely and not so marvellously well pickled." But we are soon forced to abandon Sir Bussy for the next world-war. And Mr. Wells in the past has prophesied so many things so accurately that we cannot prevent ourselves from gasping as though under a gas attack while we read. It is horrible; it is vivid; it is intensely distasteful and intensely salutary. No man has done as much as Mr. Wells for peace simply by foreseeing war with this relentless clearness. His text this time is that "no man on earth whatever owes more than

a provisional allegiance to the rulers he may find above him, and that his profounder, his fundamental loyalty, is to no flag or nation, but to mankind." And the text is spiced with the heads of present-day politicians served up (under the very thinnest of disguises) in chargers. Mr. Wells swoops on us like an eagle; he bears us up in his talons and forces us to behold all the devastated kingdoms of the future earth; he drops us with a thud to think it over. And the mind does think it over, and the spirit is appalled, bullied, even goaded into trying to do something about this impending horror. Nevertheless, the obstinately weak body continues to murmur, "Yes, but all the same I do wish that Mr. Wells would some day write a novel again!" The book is "assisted pictorially," with delightfully pointed wit, by Mr. David Low. V. H. F.

Fishes All Alive, by Madge S. Smith. (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.)

MISS MADGE SMITH is to be congratulated upon a fresh and delightful story in which adventures come thick and fast and a jolly young heroine behaves like a brick in the most trying circumstances and wins out to happiness in the end. Horatia Chatterton and her betrothed, Bill Robins, are two refreshingly ordinary young people, if it is ordinary to be kind and honest and clean and not too clever, and when Horatia accepts a lift in a smart blue "Corrie Smalley" driven by a good-looking stranger we are as far from expecting the complications which ensue as she is herself, for they are of the sort that "ordinary" girls seldom encounter. But if not always wise, Horatia is always plucky, and after she has fallen into the hands of "Dr. Groves" and his associates she has plenty of chances of showing her quality. Her escape and attempts to hide from her pursuers in "The Olde Englyshe Fayre" in the Hon. Mrs. Doolidge's grounds are excellent fooling. If some small matters, such as the behaviour of Bill's employer, are more pleasing than probable, it is altogether a most successful piece of light literature which draws an additional charm from the loving description of country sights and sounds in the valley of the Test.

The Day of Small Things, by O. Douglas. (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.)

IT is a pleasure to meet Nicole Rutherford and her mother again and to attend some pleasant tea-parties at the Harbour house, for Miss Douglas has a gift for creating positive friendships between readers and characters. But, as far as incident and story are concerned, she is surely here a little too economical, and her charming sketches of character and even the skill with which she conveys the atmosphere of a house or room, or the beauty of a hill-girt loch cannot quite convince us that there is a sufficient *raison d'être* for this book. The small things seem almost microscopic. But how I hate to find fault with what she has set out to do when what she has done is done so delightfully! S.

A SELECTION FOR THE LIBRARY LIST.

HORACE WALPOLE'S ENGLAND, by Alfred Bishop Mason (Constable, 2s.); BENGAL LANCER, by Francis Yeats-Brown (Gollancz, 9s. 6d.); THE DISCOVERY OF POETRY, by P. H. B. Lyon (Arnold, 2s. 6d.); SECOND SHOTS, by Bernard Darwin (Newnes, 2s.). Fiction.—VERY GOOD, JEEVES! by P. G. Wodehouse (Jenkins, 7s. 6d.); TINY CARTERET, by "Sapper" (Hodder & Stoughton, 7s. 6d.)



ANGEL AT CAVTAT, BY MESTROVIC.

AT THE THEATRE

AT THE LYCEUM

WHAT is this curious fatality which dogs the Memorial to Sir Henry Irving standing in the vestibule of the Lyceum Theatre? A year or two ago a brother critic remarked on the fact that some of the lettering on the plaque had disappeared, while both "I's" had dropped out of Irving's name on the bust. These were repaired. And now the first "I" has once more disappeared, while the lettering is again imperfect. I feel sure that this has only to be mentioned to be put right. To all oldish playgoers everything about this theatre has a peculiar sanctity. One remembers the days before queues when one made part of a more or less disorderly mob crowding round the pit door at the end of an extremely inconsiderable alley. Then came the moment when the door opened, a moment of expectation realised, but which brought with it an exquisite agony, that of deciding whether one would make for the end of the first row or the middle of the sixth. What career and what wife one should embrace were at that moment trivial decisions. Then came the long wait during which one mugged up "Coriolanus" or dozed and speculated whether "The Merchant" would prove as tedious as it had done at school. Then came three hours, "three glad hours, and it seemed not an hour, of supreme and supernal joy," three hours of first-rate acting and some second-rate notions about Shakespeare. Then came the dreadful moment when the play, and with it the world, came to an end and that strange, gaunt, grim and altogether baffling figure which called itself Henry Irving was heard declaring itself to be the public's humble and obedient servant. After which the servant retired to the Garrick or the Beefsteak to partake of magnificence, while we, the masters, went home to bread and cheese.

Mr. Dennis Neilson-Terry is getting into good habits. On the occasion of the revival of "Typhoon" he made one of the best speeches I have ever heard from the stage, and on Wednesday evening last week he made another of the best. This well-graced young actor said that there were several ways of orating. One way was to thank the management, the company, the staff in front of and behind the curtain, and the stage cat. Another way was to talk a lot of tosh about the ideals of the theatre and one's own particular aims. A third way was to refer to one's father and mother, whereat Mr. Fred Terry and Miss Julia Neilson wholly blushed and partially concealed themselves behind the exiguous curtains of their box. The fourth and best way, said the young actor, was to make a speech worthy of the traditions of the Lyceum Theatre. And as that was the one thing which he was persuaded that he could not do, he begged the audience's leave to say nothing at all. Mr. Neilson-Terry has the genius for getting himself liked. I know no actor, not even his father, who can engage himself in a series of incidents so wildly fantastic and exquisitely improbable and yet, by the mere fact of appearing among them, make them immediately credible. I know no player, except his mother, who has more charm. And I know none who has a greater gift of giving pointlessness so much point. It was said of Wilde before he made money that he would ask a friend to luncheon and discover a cold scrag-end of mutton of insufficient quantity yet give to the discovery so much of gesture and eloquence that lo! the miracle was performed and a banquet appeared. A good half of wit lies in preparing the mind of him who is to be the recipient of witticisms. There comes a moment in this play—which, by the way, is entitled "Traffic" and has been perpetrated by Mr. Noel Scott—there comes a moment in which Miss Mary Glynnne tempestuously declares that she is about to take herself off. "All right!" says Mr. Neilson-Terry. "Give me the letters and tear up the baby!" Set down in cold print this inversion may not strike the reader as the crown of wit or even as a particularly noticeable jewel in that diadem. It may even strike the reader as nothing. Yet Mr. Neilson-Terry said this nothing with so much aplomb, so much expectancy of being applauded, that the whole house shrieked in unison. None, you see, could have borne to disappoint the dear fellow who, throughout the play, continues to give examples of his extraordinary talent for avoiding protest. He travels about these crook-dramas wearing that familiar brown overcoat of uncertain age and baffling cut, and uses that garment as a kind of magic carpet to transport him into places into which, if you did not like the actor, you might protest that he could never get. By an easy assumption of intoxication, though remaining patently perspicacious, he lulls into non-suspicion the entire forces not only of crookdom but of Scotland Yard. So much charm has this young actor that detective-inspectors who have risen to great heights through

many years of detecting and inspecting accept it as normal that an intoxicated young gentleman of breeding should be found upon premises in which murder has occurred and should exert an unquestioned right to come, go, and be as witty as he pleases. The pearl necklace—and I rely upon the expert attendant at this kind of play not to complain that this is the first time I have mentioned such an ornament—the necklace which has been stolen and the knife with which the murder has been committed are missing, and this totally unknown young man is found smoking a cigarette within six feet of the safe which concealed the necklace and the embrasure which revealed the body. Now, I understand that such a person cannot be searched, and it may be that the law is that he cannot be taken to the lock-up. But, quite frankly, I do not believe that any such young man would be allowed to twit the detectives and walk out of the house after telling them to mind their own business. But I say again that Mr. Neilson-Terry overrides these lay and profane objections. He waves his hand not only to the police but over the whole proceedings, and we are happy that so mercurial a sprite should continue in his engaging freedom. Is Mr. Neilson-Terry a good actor? I have not the vaguest notion. All I know is that I am always delighted to see him come upon the stage, and sorry when he leaves it, and that while he is on it I am prepared to believe not that white is black, but that both colours are an enchanting and nebulous mother-of-pearl.

One need not be too particular as to the nature of the traffic with which the present melodrama concerns itself. It may be that the rich inhabitants of the Argentine Republic are willing to pay £1,000 for the company of young Englishwomen torn from the doorsteps which it is obviously their job in life to clean. It may be that there is a regular trade in such freight, and that boats ply regularly between Buenos Ayres and the less advertising of Poplar's docks. It may be that low public-houses in that outwardly respectable neighbourhood are fitted with cubby-holes for the seclusion and taming of unwilling emigrants. My own view is that these things do not happen. Which may or may not be Podsnappery. But the point about melodrama is that one does not care tuppence about what crime it is that players like Mr. Neilson-Terry and Miss Glynnne work so entertainingly to avert, while caring enormously that their efforts in the cause of virtue shall be successful. The mind is not soiled because the mind is not engaged. Or you might say that this kind of play is, of all kinds, the one to be taken most lightly. To my mind the stage has no moment more thrilling than that in which a young woman, chloroformed, gagged and trussed, is bundled into a boot-cupboard one-hundredth part of a second before a complete posse from Scotland Yard enters by all other doors and windows and makes examination of every conceivable hiding-place except that boot-cupboard and the cubby-hole on the opposite side of the room from which you know that Mr. Neilson-Terry will presently emerge with the dust of ages on his overcoat and still older persiflage on his smiling lips. If there is a moment more enthralling it is when the lights go out, enough pistol shots ring out to kill the entire cast, the lights go up again, and lo! everybody is there as before! Is it possible that the deaf man bent over the table doesn't look quite as he did earlier and that he wears his ear-trumpet with a difference? But it would be unfair to give this play's *dénouement* away, and I must omit the last item in what I hope has been a faithful and detailed description of the plot. Lots of nice and amusing people are in the piece, and I should particularly like to single out for affectionate mention Mr. Frank Royde, who succeeds from his first word to his last in being about as ugly a cuss as heart of reformer could desire, and Mr. S. J. Warmington, who, as a police-inspector, wears a bowler hat romantically, and beneath that covering obviously indulges in prodigies of cogitation. On the whole and without any qualification whatever, a very exciting and amusing evening for which the actors alone are responsible. Pernickety criticism might insist that this is a play for children. As to which I will only remark that that may be a very good kind of play.

GEORGE WARRINGTON.

THE PLAYBILL

A Holiday List.

For Wit. THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST.—*Lyric, Hammersmith.*
 For Smartness. THE MAN IN POSSESSION.—*Ambassadors.*
 For Thrills. THE SILENT WITNESS.—*Comedy.*
 For Acting. ON THE SPOT.—*Wyndham's.*
 For Fun. A NIGHT LIKE THIS.—*Aldwych.*
 For Quality. THE BEAUX' STRATAGEM.—*Royalty.*
 For Spectacle. BITTER SWEET.—*His Majesty's.*

CORRESPONDENCE

CURTIS'S BOTANICAL MAGAZINE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The *Curtis Botanical Magazine*, the foundation of periodical illustrated botanical literature, first appeared in 1787 and has an unbroken record of continuity. Beginning in 1827, each volume has been dedicated to an eminent botanist or horticulturist. The Royal Horticultural Society, which now owns the magazine, is arranging to publish a commemorative volume with a short life-history of these persons with their portraits. It is a welcome fact that out of the portraits required only seven now remain to be obtained, namely: CLOWES, Rev. John. (Born 1777; died, September 28th, 1846.) Second son of

Samuel Clowes of Broughton Hall, near Manchester. Educated at Trinity College Cambridge. Succeeded to family estates in 1833 on death of elder brother, Samuel, when he ceased to hold a benefice, and devoted last ten years of his life to horticulture. Had a very fine collection of living orchids. These went to Kew on his death. Died unmarried.

HOME, Captain Sir James Everard. (Born, October 25th, 1798; died, November 2nd, 1853.) Son of an eminent surgeon, Sir Everard Home. Succeeded to baronetcy, 1832; captain, 1837; C.B., 1842. Sent plants to Sir William Hooker at Kew. Died unmarried and baronetcy became extinct. Death took place at sea off Sidney, Australia. No collateral descendants traced.

JOAD, George Curling. (Born (?); died, October 24th, 1881.) Had a fine garden at Oakfield, Wimbledon. Especially fond of alpine. One of the first to start cultivation of rock plants in this country. Left Kew over 2,000 plants, necessitating reconstruction of rock garden there.

PARKINSON, John. (Born (?); died, April 4th, 1847.) H.M. Consul-General in Mexico, Pernambuco, Bahia, etc. Great friend of Dr. Shaw and other eminent naturalists. Sent many valuable plants to Kew and other places from Mexico, etc. Fellow of the Linnean Society for nearly 52 years.

PEEL, Sir Lawrence. (Born, August 10th, 1799; died, July 22nd, 1884.) M.A. 1824; Kt., 1842; president of Guy's Hospital, 1864; Advocate-General at Calcutta, 1840-42. Portrait shown at Royal Academy in 1860.

SHERBOURNE, Mrs. Correspondent of Sir William Hooker, 1842-46. She lived at Hurst House, Prescott, Lancs, then, and was a good amateur horticulturist.

WRAY, Mrs. Corresponded with Sir W. Hooker, 1840-53. Lived then at Oakfield, Cheltenham. A good cultivator of orchids and other plants.

The Council will be grateful for any information, which should be addressed to the Secretary, Royal Horticultural Society, Vincent Square, S.W.1. — F. R. DURHAM, Secretary.

RIGHT BUILDING.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Here is a block of three cottages erected at Shab Hall, Dunton Green, near Sevenoaks. In substitution for some insanitary places condemned, they provide convenient and comfortable habitation for

this snapshot which I recently took when motoring round Argyll. It shows a fine and interesting old keep on Loch Linnhe. It originally belonged to the Campbells of Airds and was built as a protection against the Danes. —BREADALBANE.

BLICKLING.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In Mr. C. F. Gurney's letter in *COUNTRY LIFE* for July 5th, page 23, he says: "the Mr. Bulwer whom he quotes was, I suppose, Wm. Bulwer (b. 1799) of Heydon, elder brother of Lord Lytton and Lord Dalling." I think it was not Mr. W. Bulwer, but my grandfather, the Rev. James Bulwer (b. 1794, d. 1879), who was, about that date, curate of Blickling and practically librarian of Blickling. He was greatly interested in archaeology as well as art, being a good water-colour artist and intimate friend of J. S. Cotman. —DORA E. BULWER.

INDIAN REGIMENTAL COLOURS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I am collecting information regarding Indian Army regimental colours and standards, and should be grateful for details of any such flags which are now in private hands or in churches in the United Kingdom. They could be sent to me at the East India United Service Club, 16, St. James's Square, London, S.W.1. — H. BULLOCK, Captain.

WATER IN DAIRIES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—A book-lover of conservative tastes once observed that his response to the appearance of a new book was to read an old one. It may very possibly be due to like perverse propensity that when I came upon the illustration and description of the fountain placed in Mr. Maxwell Ayrton's model dairy, memory at once flew back to a cool, dimly lighted chamber in an old farmhouse I used to know. You reached the homestead by a long, straight, shady lane from the broad high road, and then found it standing on the very brink of a steep bank. Below this was a stream whose waters caught and whirled away no small proportion of the ripened walnuts from the tree that overhung it from the higher bank; beyond the stream was a wide level meadow, with the Wye upon its farther side. To those who had the joy of passing nights as well as days in that old house, cemented bedroom floors struck chilly to bare feet, and undyed sheepskins took the place of rugs and mats; but then you drifted into slumber to the distant music of the angry river if it chanced to be in flood, and always to the singing of the nearer stream. And there was



KENTISH COTTAGES AS THEY OUGHT TO BE.

three families of agricultural labourers. The site is a beautiful one screened by trees, with a large orchard on the left, and on this account it was decided to incur some extra expense; but even with Norfolk reed thatch on the roof, and the provision of w.c.'s and septic tank, the cost worked out at less than £600 per cottage. Each has a good-sized living-room, scullery and separate bathroom on the ground floor, and three bedrooms with fitted cupboards upstairs. Adjoining the cottages is a little laundry building which has three separate stores for cycles, prams, tools, etc. The walls are of fine brickwork rendered outside and whitened, and the chimneys are built of old small bricks from a demolition. The outside doors and shutters are painted Prussian blue, and the inside joinery grey-green. The result is the outcome of right knowledge and skill on the part of the architect, Mr. P. D. Hepworth, and patriotic discernment on the part of the owner, Mr. E. W. Meyerstein, of Morants Court, Chevening.—R. S.

BUILT AGAINST THE DANES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—A *propos* the photographs in your Scottish Number, you may possibly care for



AN OLD KEEP OF THE CAMPBELLS' ON LOCH LINNHE.

still another voice to greet your ears on waking: that of a small rill which, rising in a wood behind the house, was led through pipes to feed an open trough that ran along one side of the long dairy, and thence issued, splashing, through a spout outside the door. What fascination for a child whose games with water had been mostly bounded by the rim of his own bath! He would quite cheerfully have bartered all his toys to have his playroom in that dairy with its ever-running stream. Years afterwards I chanced to speak of the old dairy to a friend, herself a butter-maker of renown. She put her foot upon the flowing-water plan at once. "A dairy should be cool but dry," was her pronouncement; "it is bad for butter if there's any trace of damp." Which leaves me wondering whether Mr. Ayrton's charming dairy is quite perfect after all, although no doubt he would take care to have the latest experts on the subject at his back before deciding to install a fountain there.—ARTHUR O. COOKE.

A SUSSEX YEOMAN'S HOUSE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—When in Bignor recently I was struck by the beauty of the house of which I enclose a photograph. It is known simply as "The Old House," and I could not obtain any historical particulars regarding it. The timbers are oak, and the space is filled in with thin red bricks, believed to be either Roman or mediæval. It stands upon a high stone sill and the door is reached by steps. Now used



THE OLD HOUSE AT BIGNOR.

as the village shop, it is certainly one of the most attractive of its kind which it has been my lot to see.—H. R. K.

[The bricks, of course, are not Roman, but of the thin type in general use during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The mixture of the materials used—stone, brick, timber, wattle-and-daub and, apparently, flint—gives added interest to what is certainly an unusually pleasing example of a yeoman's house with the normal Sussex plan.—Ed.]

NATURE RED IN TOOTH AND CLAW.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The following incident, which took place at a Herefordshire rectory where I stayed last week, may be of interest to your readers. A pair of spotted flycatchers had a nest with four young birds in some creepers on the wall of the house at a height of some twelve feet. While at luncheon a red squirrel was seen to attack the nest and kill two of the fledglings before we beat it off, after considerable difficulty, as it seemed not in the least afraid of us. The two remaining young birds were then placed by us on an iron post high enough to be out of reach of the squirrel, but the latter made an effort to reach them, all the time being mobbed by the parents. Eventually we placed the two little birds in a small bird cage with the door open, on a table, and the parents fearlessly entered and continued to feed their young ones as industriously as ever. Both squirrels and spotted flycatchers being beautiful

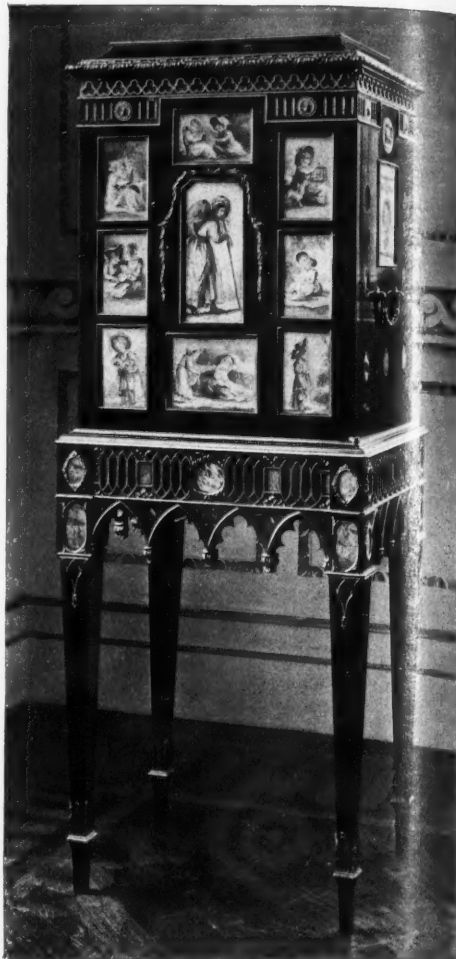
and rather uncommon wild creatures naturally everyone took sides in favour of each. Although the squirrel was, no doubt, feeding its own young, I am afraid the ladies won the day with their sympathy for the flycatchers in their sad plight. Nobody mentioned the poor flies which were being butchered unceasingly in the interests of the flycatchers!—H. N. CHAMBERLAINE-BROTHERS.

A CABINET DESIGNED BY EDWARD EDWARDS FOR HORACE WALPOLE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In an article contributed to COUNTRY LIFE for June 7th last I drew attention to some drawings of ancient furniture executed by Edward Edwards, A.R.A. (1738–1806). I quoted the sketch of his life prefixed to his *Anecdotes of Painters* to the effect that he was apprenticed to Hallet, the well known Gothicising cabinetmaker, and while in his employ "drew patterns for furniture"; also that later he opened an evening school and taught drawing to young men who aimed at becoming "cabinet or ornamental furniture makers." I failed to produce a specimen of Edwards's endeavors in designing furniture, but referring again to *The Description of Strawberry Hill* and the

sale catalogue of its contents, I am able to remedy that omission. Edwards, we are told by his biographer, on returning from Italy in 1775, was "soon engaged by the honourable Horace Walpole at Strawberry Hill, and continued to receive commissions from him until 1784." They then fell out over what Walpole considered to be an overcharge for a cabinet made by a person recommended by Edwards. In the great north bed-chamber at Strawberry Hill there was what Walpole describes as "an ebony cabinet, ornamented with or-moulu, lapis lazuli, agates, pieces of ancient enamel, bas-reliefs of Wedgwood, & nine capital drawings of a gipsy girl and beautiful children by Lady Diana Beauclerc. The design of the cabinet by Mr. E. Edwards in 1783." In the illustration most of these embellishments can be identified, but I think it has not hitherto been recognised that the E. Edwards of Walpole's note was the author



A CABINET THAT CAUSED A QUARREL.

of the *Anecdotes* and teacher of perspective to the Royal Academy. In view of the date when their association terminated, it can scarcely be doubtful that this was the cabinet which caused Walpole to withdraw his patronage from Edwards, who replied to his complaints of extortion "with much indignation." This cabinet shows him to have been so versed in the arts of depraved Gothic that it is scarcely likely to be an isolated attempt, and other works from his hand may well be in existence. I may add that I am conscious of no family connection to explain my zeal on his behalf.—RALPH EDWARDS.

WATER-CARRYING IN CORSICA.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Here is a picture showing how water is transported in Corsica. The method appears rather rudimentary and yet, I think it is extremely ingenious, and the smallest boy can carry something which he certainly could not do unaided.—D.



"TO LAY PROPORTIONED LOADS ON EACH."

THREE DAYS AT LIVERPOOL

NOTABLE SUCCESSES OF OWNER-BREEDERS

ARACING occasion is not necessarily made big because some big money is given. I am thinking of last week's summer fixture at Liverpool. It extended over three days, its events including the Summer Cup, the Molyneux Cup, the Lancashire Breeders' Produce Stakes and the Atlantic Cup.

The Liverpool Summer Cup, which was won for Mr. Marshall Field by his four year old Acragas, brought in £1,275 to that owner. It should be understood that I am giving only the net values to the winning owners. In addition, of course, there was some considerable place money in the different events. The Atlantic Cup, won by Walter Gay for Lord Woolavington, had attached to it a stake of £2,595. The Molyneux Cup, which is a sprint handicap of considerable importance, had a net value of £1,325. It was won for Mr. D. M. Gant by his three year old Stingo. The Lancashire Breeders' Produce Stakes was worth £2,946 to Colonel Giles Loder as the owner of the winning filly, Atbara.

Yet this summer fixture at Liverpool does seem to languish. Perhaps one noticed it more this time for a very good reason: the state of trade in Lancashire and the adjoining counties is so acutely bad that many people have not the inclination to think seriously of going racing.

The four outstanding events to which I have referred are well worth some description and comment, because they were all won by interesting horses.

Taking them in the order of their disposal, I must specially note the fine performance of the three year old Stingo in winning the Molyneux Cup, a five furlong handicap, under the big weight for a three year old of 8st. 6lb. Only a week ago, when writing in these pages of Mr. Falcon's stud at Cheveley and of his horse Tremola, I mentioned how that sire was responsible for the fastest three year old of the season in Stingo, the winner of the Fern Hill Stakes at Ascot and now successful by a length in one of the leading sprint handicaps of the year.

Stingo is from a wonderfully successful mare, Merry Orb—successful, that is, in having foaled speedy rather than staying horses. Mr. Gant bred her, by the Derby winner, Orby, from Musical Ride, by Galopin. Orby blood has been noted for speed rather than stamina. One has only to think of Flying Orb and Diadem to name two very speedy performers sired by him. The cross on Galopin has not served to suppress the prepotency of Orby, for, no matter to which sire Merry Orb was allied, the produce has not been a stayer.

Merry Orb was foaled in 1918 and seems to have been an absolutely regular breeder, but it was not until her third foal arrived that a smart racehorse came to be attributed to her. This was Stornello, by Stornoway, a filly that immediately made a name for herself and then was taken fatally ill very early in her three year old career.

One should not dismiss the race for the Molyneux Cup without noting the very fine performance of the aged horse, Oak Ridge, who, with 9st. 10lb. on his back, accounted for all but the winner. He is, indeed, a great old fellow, and one must have the greatest admiration for him. Another three year old in Phonemeter was third, but Costaki Pasha and Quartrain disappointed. Polar Bear and Lord Hamilton of Dalzell's Quothquan did better, and both certainly live to fight another day.

I ought, perhaps, to mention one other race on this first day of the meeting if only because there was attached to it a substantial stake of £2,410. It was annexed for Lord Beaverbrook (who is on the point of retiring from active participation in racing) by his Algonquin, the affair being the St. George Stakes. I must say they were a poor and disappointing collection of eight three year olds that took part, and it happened that in very soft going Algonquin, who was gaining his first success, simply raced away from his opponents to win by half a dozen lengths. The winner is interesting for the reason that Lord Beaverbrook gave the big sum of 9,000 guineas for him at Doncaster as a yearling. He is by Gay Crusader from Rabona, a Roi Herode mare owned by the Irish breeder, Mr. J. J. Maher. Algonquin is not a typical Gay Crusader in looks. He takes more after the Roi Herode type of thoroughbred.

It was on the second day that Atbara won the Lancashire Breeders' Produce Stakes, an event which still gave substantial stallion allowances. However, Colonel Loder's grey filly did not require any such allowance. One or two that had the maximum allowance wanted much more than that. Here we had two daughters of the invincible Tetratema first and second, for Turtle Soup, who had been fourth in the big two year old race at Sandown Park the Saturday before, was the runner-up to the brilliant Atbara. Incidentally, the winner was giving the second 10lb. This was Atbara's fifth success out of a dozen races, and by winning £3,690 at Ascot (Queen Mary Stakes),

she made a big contribution to the total of about £10,000 credited to Colonel Loder at the premier meeting.

The third day was probably the most interesting of the meeting. It was then we saw Walter Gay disqualify himself from posing any longer as a "maiden," that is to say, a horse that has not won any sort of race and, therefore, is entitled to a maiden allowance in weight-for-age or conditions races. Most owners of maidens are thankful enough when their horses are at last successful in £200 plates. We have seen how a 9,000-guinea yearling in Algonquin broke the ice by winning a race worth £2,410. Here was Lord Woolavington's Walter Gay, second for the Derby of 1929 (£11,965), second for the Hardwicke Stakes at Ascot (£2,770) and third for the Eclipse Stakes (£10,828), earmarked now to win the Atlantic Cup of the net value of £2,595. Of course, he won, and by three lengths, too. How could it be otherwise, bearing in mind the conditions by which he was able to claim that maiden allowance against other four year olds that were heavily penalised?

Walter Gay was ridden this time by Joe Childs, who, with his length and additional weight and strength, was more suited to this rather unusual horse than Freddy Fox, who has been his jockey hitherto. I am sure this question of jockeyship made a difference, for at last the son of Captain Cuttle seemed to wake up and understand what was expected of him. At one time,



W. A. Rouch.

ATBARA, WINNER OF THE LANCASHIRE BREEDERS' PRODUCE STAKES.

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not so far from home, his position was anything but reassuring to all who had laid slight odds on. Then Empire Builder had definitely got the better of Bosworth, incidentally exposing the limitations of that horse, but when Walter Gay came swooping on the scene he showed us that he meant business at last and that Fred Darling had made no mistake in believing in him in face of what he regarded as most vexatious reverses. He is by Captain Cuttle from William's Pride, and was, of course, bred by Lord Woolavington.

Acragas won the Liverpool Summer Cup with 7st. 6lb., which is not much weight for a four year old, especially in such a distinctly moderate field as this was. He deserved his win, for he was a long way behind at one time, as if he could not go the pace. Then when others began to tire he steadily made up the leeway, until a furlong or less from home there was only Knight of the Grail in Mr. S. B. Joel's colours holding on in front. When they closed it was a case of the better stayer and a pull in the weights of 8lb. deciding the issue.

Leopardus, in the ownership of M. Boussac, the French breeder-owner, was third, a length and a half from the second. The winner is by Phalaris from Marissa, and is owned by Mr. Marshall Field of Chicago, and trained for him by Captain Cecil Boyd Rochfort. The owner's satisfaction would be increased by the fact of having himself bred the horse in this country. The mare Marissa is now twelve years old, and is by John O'Gaunt from Damaris, by Sunstar out of Lesbia, by St. Frusquin, breeding which speaks for itself. Acragas ought, therefore, to be a good horse on breeding alone.

PHILIPPOS.

THE ESTATE MARKET

SEASON CLOSING BRISKLY

PROPERTIES of all descriptions are coming under the hammer in town and country, in the effort to clear the lists before the short vacation now customary. Perhaps some of the withdrawn lots will find buyers sooner than seemed probable at the close of one or two of the chief auctions, for would-be buyers are apt to exaggerate their indifference to lots which exceed the limit temporarily set by them. The completion of the sale of 20,000 acres along Hadrian's Wall has been effected this week, and choice little properties have been dealt with successfully under the hammer and otherwise.

AN ARCHITECTURAL PROBLEM.

THE impending sale of the 55,000 sq. ft. at the corner of Bruton Street and Berkeley Square, by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley and Messrs. Wilson and Co., will in due course give architects a great opportunity, and set them a problem for solution. It is probable that showrooms will be provided not only on the ground floor but the first floor. What the building owners may like to have is an outline of a plan whereby the approach to the upper floor would be of an easy and inviting type without lifts.

Mayfair is witnessing great and rapid changes. The ground landlords of the greater part of Bruton Street and Berkeley Square—the Samuel Estates—lately granted licences for the conversion of the houses into business premises. The property came into the hands of the present ground landlords in 1919, upon the sale by Lord Berkeley of about 20 acres, including most of Berkeley Square and many contiguous streets. Bruton Street, which runs from the east centre of Berkeley Square to Bond Street, has hitherto been almost wholly, except for two or three sets of premises at the Bond Street end, residential and of the highest type of Mayfair. In Berkeley Square one house, next door to Lord Rosebery's, was, four or five years ago, adapted as showrooms, and there is at least one other example of recent use for other than residential purposes, but these properties do not belong to the ground landlords of Bruton Street. Now the street is changed to one of business premises, it will mean that from Regent Street down to Berkeley Square there will be one long line of shops and showrooms, intersected only by Bond Street. For trading, therefore, the site at the corner of the square and Bruton Street will be a spot of remarkable value for the best class of businesses.

Wingfield House, Trowbridge, is to be sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley with 20 or 900 acres. The mellowed stone Jacobean (and partly Queen Anne) house stands in beautiful gardens. There is fishing in the Frome which intersects the estate for two miles. The property would be let furnished or unfurnished from Michaelmas.

Hayes Grove, a Jacobean residence on Hayes Common, Kent, is to be offered by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley at Hanover Square on September 18th for Colonel H. E. Hambro. The property extends to 8 acres.

Hawkslee Farm, Newtown St. Boswells, sold privately, 63½ acres, has 6 acres of woodland, and trout fishing in the Tweed. Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley have sold it.

GORHAMBURY.

THE Earl of Verulam's seat, Gorhambury, St. Alban's, to be offered by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, was originally called Westwiche. Its present name was derived from the family of Gorham, who held the manor during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Before that it belonged to St. Alban's Abbey. By 1320 the manor had passed to the de Veres, Earls of Oxford, but was forfeited on the attainder of the ninth earl in 1387-88, and bought back by the Abbey. At the Dissolution of the Monasteries the Crown granted it to Ralph Rowlatt, from whom it was purchased, in 1560-61, by Sir Nicholas Bacon. He replaced the hall built by Geoffrey de Gorham by a house whose ruins lie in the park to the west of the present mansion. Queen Elizabeth visited him there in 1572 and in 1577. On the death of Sir Nicholas, in 1578, Gorhambury passed to Anthony, and then, in 1601, to his brother, Francis. It was sold in 1652 to Sir Harbottle Grimston, passing to William, first Viscount Grimston, whose great-grandson became first Earl of Verulam in 1815. Besides the mansion erected in 1778 by James, third

Viscount Grimston, the sale will include twenty-two farms, in all nearly 6,000 acres, and fourteen miles of main road frontage.

Ormonde Hall, Bolney, has been sold at Hanover Square for £8,000. There is a fifteenth century residence, restored and enlarged, with 25 acres.

No. 1, Hyde Park Place has been disposed of by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley.

The Manor House, Basingstoke, 4½ acres, is to be sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley.

Little Tangle, Wonerish Common, near Guildford, recently offered by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley and Messrs. Crowe, Bates and Weekes, has been sold.

HANFORD HOUSE, DORSET.

A LEASE of Hanford House, unfurnished, may be had with the sporting over 800 acres and 2½ miles of fishing in the Stour, the Dorset seat being in the hands of Messrs. Wilson and Co. Hanford House was illustrated and described in a special article in COUNTRY LIFE (Vol. XVII, page 558).

The Seymers of Hanford held it under the abbesses of the neighbouring Cistercian nunnery of Tarrant, which was founded in the reign of Richard I and re-endowed soon after Magna Carta was sealed. When Henry VIII was on the throne the lands, manor and then existing house with a fishery in the Stour belonged to John Seymer. Then it passed to a family named Dacombe, and in Queen Elizabeth's day it was bought by another Seymer, father of Sir Robert Seymer, builder of Hanford House.

The arms of England in a garter and the date "1623" are on a leaden pipe fixed to the house. It is a gabled house of singular charm. The entrance is through a round-headed arch, which forms of the porch the main decorative and classical feature of the exterior elevation. The porch has abundant and massive pilasters supporting nothing at all. There are mullioned windows and adequate and comfortable bays.

The quadrangular court has been roofed to make it an elegant room, adorned by the old porch, which is altogether finer in conception and workmanship than the now external one. This interior has been wainscoted in large panels, separated by fluted Corinthian pilasters and a balustraded gallery rests on Ionic columns. The dining-room walls are covered with embossed leather. Another room has a mantel in the heavy carving usually attributed to Germans or Dutchmen who came to England in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries as carvers and masons.

Though comparatively small, and for that reason all the more acceptable in these days, Hanford House ranks high among the Jacobean homes of the west of England. Few houses surpass it for its power of conveying the idea of "Home, sweet home."

CULMHEAD, SOMERSET, SOLD.

THE late Sir John Paget Mellor's Somerset seat, Culmhead, has been sold by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. and Messrs. W. R. J. Greenslade and Co. at Taunton, with Lots 6, 7, 9, 10 and 11 of the particulars. The house, in 348 acres, enjoys a picked situation nearly 900ft. above sea-level, on the southern slope of Blagdon Hill, just below the crest, and is sheltered from the north and east by woodlands. Extensive views are obtained over the heather and bracken-clad slopes of the estate, which are interspersed by woodlands, clumps of trees and masses of rhododendrons, which grow luxuriantly. Avenues of beech trees lead down to the lower land, where in the middle distance are seven small lakes, fed by the Culm near its source and by springs. There are two boats and a boathouse. There is a swimming pool. The lakes are stocked with trout up to 2lb. weight. Many varieties of wildfowl visit the lakes in winter. From the top of the hill near to, but behind the house, a vast panoramic view stretches to the horizon over the Vale of Taunton Deane to Exmoor. The Brendon and Quantock Hills rise to the north-west, and the Mendip Hills on the east. The residence, approached from the Taunton-Honiton road under an avenue of beech trees, is of stone and brick, rough cast and cement faced with a slated roof, and is partly covered with roses.

Black Barony, Peeblesshire, for hundreds of years the home of the Murrays of Elibank,

has been sold by Messrs. Walker, Fraser and Steele.

Offers by Messrs. Curtis and Henson include a Sussex estate, Shovelstrode Manor, near East Grinstead, 57 acres and a copy of a fifteen century house; and Ripple Hall, near Upton-on-Severn, nearly 100 acres, and a Georgian house with part of the old coaching house on the Roman road, now called Brockridge, and the Manor Farm, an exquisite, panelled house of Elizabethan origin.

Instructions have been given to Messrs. Lane, Saville and Co., by Mr. Guy Coleman Rogers, to sell by auction in twenty-five lots, at the Assembly Rooms, Knighton, on September 18th, outlying portions of his Stanage Park estate, Knighton, situate in the parishes of Stanage, Knighton, Brampton Bryan, Howe, Llangunllo, Pilleth and Willey. The area to be sold is 1,394 acres and consists of sheep and stock farms known as Heartsease, 222 acres; Hill House Farm, 268 acres; Llanishay Farm, 161 acres; Lower Woodhouse Farm, 152 acres; several smaller holdings, riverside pasture, cottages and woodlands.

The first announcement that Captain Norman J. Hodgkinson (Messrs. Bidwell and Sons) made when offering 300 acres situated at Dry Drayton, by auction, was that 250 acres had been sold to Messrs. Chivers and Sons, Limited. The remaining lots, which were offered by direction of the trustees of the late Mr. R. Durant, were sold except Cottons Farm, 41 acres, with farmhouse, cottage and out-buildings, withdrawn at £650. Messrs. Strutt and Parker were the land agents concerned along with Messrs. Bidwell and Sons.

ALONG HADRIAN'S WALL.

"THE Roman Wall" (an illustrated article in COUNTRY LIFE a few months ago) was timely, as Messrs. Hampton and Sons soon afterwards sold, for Mr. J. N. Clayton, the Chesters estate, near Hexham and Newcastle-on-Tyne. Not only was it notable on account of its great extent, the area being about 21,000 acres, but it included some miles of Hadrian's Wall, one of the marvels of Britain, with the excavated fort of Borcovicium. The estate included a large number of first-rate stock and grazing farms, several villages, the George Hotel, Chollerford, and fishing rights, a grouse moor of about 10,000 acres, with shooting lodge and trout fishing in the River Irthing, several residences, freehold properties in Newcastle-on-Tyne, ground rents, tithes and quit rents, the gross rent roll being over £20,000 per annum. The sale was conducted by Messrs. Hampton and Sons in conjunction with Messrs. Turner Lord and Dowler. They have now sold Moss Kennels Farm and other lots, completing the sale of 20,000 acres of the estate.

Stocketts Farm, Oxted, is for letting by Messrs. Harrods, with about 90 acres. It is a genuine fourteenth century residence in original state, but with all modern conveniences, built of stone and brick with stone slab roof, original mullion windows and other features. It would be let furnished for one year (or less by arrangement), furnished with genuine antiques. Stocketts embodies an old hop-kiln and a large barn, and is in a favourite part of the county, associated with Miss Harrison's broadcasting of the nightingales.

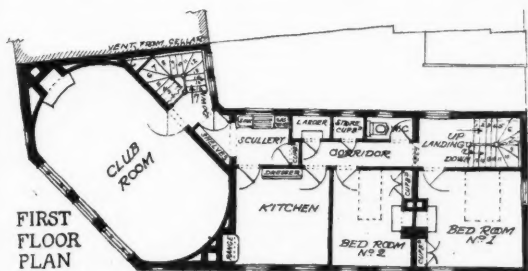
For £3,950 Messrs. Constable and Maude have sold a house adjoining Ashdown Forest, three miles from Forest Row, eight miles from Haywards Heath, the modern Georgian residence, The Ridge, Chelwood Gate, in beautiful gardens, arranged in terraces with stone retaining walls, yew hedges, flower beds, lawns, tennis court, wild garden, vegetable garden and orchard, in all about 10 acres.

Millburn, Esher, 14 acres, is for sale, or would be let by Messrs. Constable and Maude for the summer or longer. They are to sell Brockwood Park, Hinton Ampner, between Winchester and Petersfield, a handsome Georgian mansion with every modern convenience, magnificently placed, 400ft. up with extensive and beautiful views, and including beautiful suite of reception rooms, twenty-three bed and dressing rooms, seven bathrooms, modern domestic quarters; model farm buildings for pedigree herd, excellent stabling and garages, thirteen cottages and agent's house in grandly timbered grounds and park. Rich pastureland, arable and well grown woodlands, in all about 630 acres, providing really excellent shooting. **ARBITER.**

THE PUBLIC-HOUSE IMPROVED

ARCHITECTURE and sobriety together are doing their best to improve the public-house. As regards the latter, the past is no exemplar, but the old inns, down to a hundred years ago, were delightful, or at least seemly, structures. It was during the Victorian era that the public-house became deplorable, and we are by no means yet free of its smelly bar, sand-blasted glass panes, preposterous lamps, and general display of blatancy. Yet there has been a notable advance since the War. Architects with a right sense of design have been given the opportunity to take the public-house in hand; and they have proved their mettle. A very good example of this is offered by the Rose and Crown at Cambridge. All concerned are to be congratulated on the result—the architect (Mr. Basil Oliver) for his competent handling of the building; the builder (Mr. William Sindall) for his craftsmanship; the owners (Messrs. Greene, King and Co.) for their discernment in putting the design into proper hands; and the artists and craftsmen (named later) whose work embellishes the building. The Royal Institute of British Architects has presented a bronze medal to the Essex, Cambridge and Hertfordshire Society of Architects (one of its allied societies) to be awarded annually “for a building of outstanding merit” erected in the above three counties, and the first award of this medal has been made to Mr. Basil Oliver in respect of the Rose and Crown by a jury of the Society, consisting of four architects and five laymen.

The site was an awkward one, more particularly as the line of the old building which occupied it had to be set back considerably for a much-needed road improvement. The plan is J-shaped, with the main entrance on the angle. Above it, in the tympanum, is a medallion in coloured glazed earthenware, designed by Mr. Kruger Gray as the standard emblem for the firm's public-houses; and flanking this, in the Luton brick walling, are two stone panels of the Rose and the Crown carved by Mr. Laurence A. Turner. The entrance has two doors opening respectively into the public bar and the smoking-room,



THE ROSE AND CROWN, NEWMARKET ROAD, CAMBRIDGE.
Basil Oliver.



CLUB ROOM ON FIRST FLOOR.



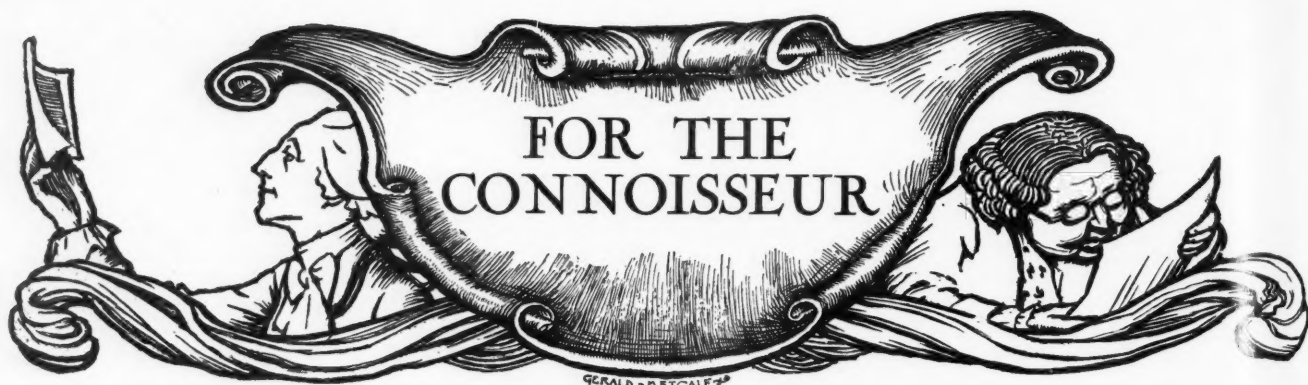
DETAIL OF MAIN ENTRANCE.

both of which are treated as convivial sitting-rooms, not mere drinking places. They are rooms where people can take their refreshment and their pleasures in comfort. And the bar-parlour, entered from a separate lobby on the main frontage, is conceived in the same spirit.

Above, on the first floor, and extending into the second, the main space is taken by a club-room, to which access is given by a separate staircase at the rear. This club-room has cream-distempred walls with a dado of mottled linoleum, and at one end is a fireplace built up of tiles and enshrining a plaster cast (bronzed) of Donatello's St. George. Framed posters by Mr. Frank Brangwyn and Mr. Fred Taylor embellish the walls, and the furniture consists of Columbian pine tables with tops of Western hemlock (cellulose finished) in company with wheel-back chairs.

The whole scheme is admirable. Architecturally, outside, the building follows the English precedent of Georgian days, yet in an individual way that gives it fresh character; and inside it sets up a new standard. It is all a great advance on what we have been accustomed to, and there is the greater satisfaction in knowing that this is only one of many new buildings of the same kind that possess the good qualities of the Rose and Crown.

RANDAL PHILLIPS.



A PAIR OF PIER TABLES

THE fashion for painting furniture in the Late Georgian period is evidenced both in contemporary pattern books and by a large number of survivals showing inlet decoration of figure subjects, or arabesques and floral detail painted directly upon the wood or ground of paint. In a pair of pier tables from Kyre Park, Worcestershire, now in Messrs. M. Harris's collection, the top, which is of satinwood bordered with a banding of tulip-wood, is painted with festoons of flowers caught by knots of blue ribbon; and there is also a border painted with a winding ribbon and flowers relieved against a blue ground. The frieze is painted with a repeated anthemium; while the tapered legs are painted with a pendant of leaves and flowers relieved against a grey ground. Upon the blocking above the leg is a painted profile medallion in grisaille. This formal ornament upon the legs corresponds to that upon the legs of a fine settee at Kyre Park, illustrated in the third volume of the *Dictionary of Furniture*, in which the inner ovals of the three connected chair-backs are painted with figure subjects after Angelica Kauffmann on the original silk; and settee and tables both formed part of a drawing-room set. In the same collection there is a court cupboard in two stages, having the canopy supported by cup and cover bulbous supports. The stage is recessed, and divided into a fixed centre and two lateral cupboards, each decorated with a round arch with carved pilasters and spandrels. The enclosed panels are inlaid in light and dark woods with a formal flower spray. The lower stage is enclosed by two cupboard doors having the upper horizontal panel carved in low relief with a formal design, and similar low relief ornament enriches the frieze and outer styles. Here is also a mahogany china and silver table with a galleried rim, which is of extremely finished workmanship. The table, which rests on slender cabriole legs carved on the shoulder with a cartouche and acanthus foliage, and terminating in a volute foot, is serpentine on each side. The frieze is carved with a delicate fret above small-scale gadrooning. It came from Charlton Park in Kent. Here is also a pair of torchères of carved and gilt wood, dating from the same rococo period, from Carmichael House, Thankerton, Lanarkshire. The shaped tray top is supported by a system of slender scrolls which break into short leaves, and rest upon a triangular base supported by a scrolled tripod of which the legs finish in a volute and leaf, a detail which often appears in the *Director*. In Messrs. Harris's collection is a well preserved example of a painted screen, which is decorated with a lively arrangement of birds, festoons of flowers and a landscape with ruins.

A SECRETAIRE BY COXED AND WOSTER.

The "signature" of English furniture by its makers is a very considerable rarity, but occasionally a label fixed to the interior of a piece of furniture contains a straightforward announcement of the maker's name and

address, together with his specialities. A collection of trade cards and labels, such as Mr. Ambrose Heal's, supplement our knowledge of the furniture trade in the eighteenth century by showing the beginnings of specialisation and by preserving the names and addresses of unknown furniture-makers. A walnut bureau in two stages, in the collection of Messrs. M. Harris of New Oxford Street, has affixed to a drawer the label of G. Coxed and T. Woster, "at the White Swan against the South Gate in St. Paul's Churchyard," who supply "cabinets & desks & mirrors at Reasonable Rates."

A later cabinetmaker, Philip Bell, issued an advertisement from the same premises later in the century; and during the first half of the century there were many similar establishments in St. Paul's Churchyard. The bureau is veneered with carefully chosen leaves in which the dark centres contrast with the lighter surround; the upper stage is surmounted by a broken pediment enclosing a carved and gilt head, with a foliate background. In the lower stage, a moulding divides the desk portion, with its shallow drawers immediately beneath it, from the three lower drawers of graduated size. Here is also a mahogany side or dressing table dating from the late eighteenth century, which is fitted with a single drawer having two ring handles. Inside the drawer is fixed the label of its maker, "Mant, upholster and cabinet-maker, High Street Winchester," enclosed by a festoon of husks and crossed palm branches.

RECENT SALES.

In the sale, on July 24th by Messrs. Christie, of furniture and Chinese porcelain, a *famille noire* bowl, having the exterior enamelled with flowers emblematic of the four seasons in green, aubergine and yellow on a black ground, realised 1,200 guineas; and a pair of kylins of the K'ang Hsi period, enamelled in green, yellow and blue, resting on oblong pedestals, 800 guineas. A pair of figures of hawks of the Kien Lung period, enamelled in natural colours, was sold for 600 guineas; and a pair of Worcester hexagonal covered vases, painted with exotic birds within shaped panels on a dark blue scale-pattern ground, 350 guineas. In the recent sale, by Messrs. Sotheby, of the property of the late Mr. James H. Ismay of Iwerne Minster, a set of five Flemish tapestries, woven with the story of Rinaldo and Armida, was sold for £960. A Chinese bracket clock, with the movement by Thomas Tompion and E. Banger, was sold for £1,250. In the sale on July 24th by the same firm, six fine early printed books, the "property of a nobleman resident in South Germany," were sold for £8,220. Of these, the highest price (£4,600) was realised by the rare copy, printed on vellum, of Durandus' *Rationale*, from the Mainz press of Fust and Schoeffer, 1459, regarded as the third book printed with a date, and of the highest importance in the early history of printing.

J. DE SERRE.



A PAINTED PIER TABLE. Circa 1785.

INSECT PESTS OF GARDEN PLANTS

A DESCRIPTION OF SOME OF THE MORE COMMON INSECT PESTS WHICH ATTACK GARDEN PLANTS, INDICATING THE SYMPTOMS OF ATTACK AND THE REMEDIAL MEASURES TO BE UNDERTAKEN.

THE extensive damage by insect pests that the garden lover has witnessed on all kinds of garden plants this year calls not only for a review of the position, but for an indication of the measures to be adopted to prevent future attacks.

The presence of insects on plants can be detected by the most unobservant, but a great amount of damage is committed by nocturnal feeders and soil-inhabiting creatures which leave their "finger prints" during the night and make good their retreat during the daylight hours.

A knowledge of the symptoms by which one may know that some phytophagous creature is at work is all too frequently lacking even among those whose work brings them into the closest possible touch with these matters, with the result that irreparable damage is done before any remedial measures can be undertaken.

Insects are the most dominant creatures which inhabit our earth, and the number of species far outweigh all the other groups of animals. By far the greater number of indigenous species of insects are phytophagous (plant feeders), and although some confine their attention to weeds and wayside plants, a vast and ever increasing army feeds on or in our cultivated plants.

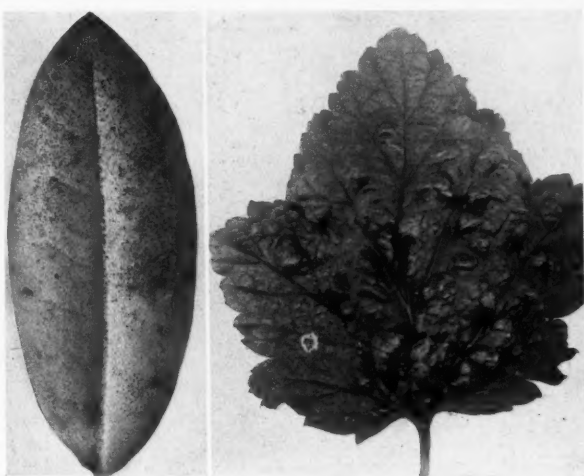
Every part of a plant may be attacked by one or more species of insects. There are species which attack the underground portions—roots, tubers, bulbs and corms—while others confine their attention to the aerial portions—stem, branches, leaves, flowers, fruit and seeds. The necessity for instant recognition of damage by insects is an important feature in pest control, so that the ancestors and not their descendants are destroyed. The rate at which insects breed is another point that necessitates the importance of immediate identification. The fecundity of certain kinds, such as the aphides and scale insects, is so great that a single female is able to give rise in twenty-four hours to several dozen females, which themselves are capable within a comparatively short space of time of producing young. The presence of parasitic and predaceous species of insects, climatic conditions and availability of food are factors which hold the balance and prevent

the total annihilation of plant life.

For the purpose of the gardener, insects may be divided into two main groups, viz., biting and sucking insects. The first thing to ascertain when one is contemplating control measures is to discover the manner of their feeding, for on this depends the method by which they may be destroyed. With certain exceptions, such as leaf-mining and tunnelling insects and the host of soil pests, one may state that biting insects are controlled by means of the application of a stomach poison (e.g., arsenate of lead) to the foliage in order that the insects may swallow it together with their normal food. Sucking insects pierce the tissues of plants and suck the sap or tap the food-conducting channels. It is impossible to poison their food without killing the plant, so that the method employed is to wet the insect with a contact wash (e.g., nicotine soap or paraffin emulsion).

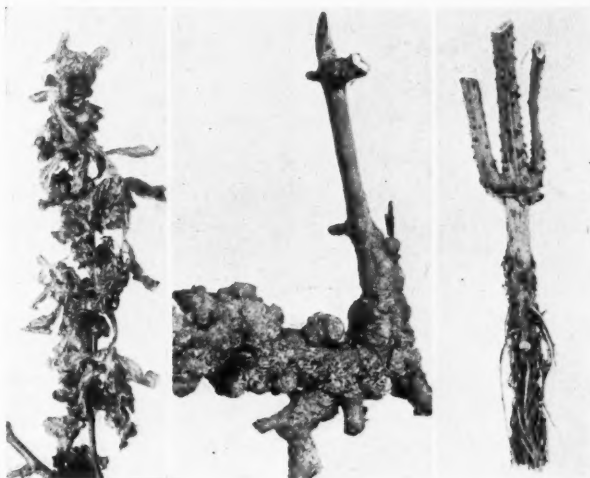
The measures of control to be adopted are ranged under three headings, viz., (1) chemical—spraying, dusting, fumigating, poison baits and soil injections; (2) mechanical—the use of traps and barriers, hand-picking, jarring, etc.; and (3) biological—the introduction of parasites whereby the incidence of some particular pest may be reduced. The prevention of insect pests may be attempted by paying close attention to hygienic principles of cultivation and to the requirements of plants whereby their several preferences for certain types of soil and sites are borne in mind. Cultural methods play a great part in preserving the general good health of plants,

for sickly plants are laid open to infection by various bacterial and fungal organisms, while certain insects, principally bark beetles, attack plants which are in ill health and choose these rather than the more vigorous growers. Though criticism is not lacking as to the inefficiency of spraying operations, it is more often the fault of the operator who lacks knowledge of this most important operation. Some of the more common faults responsible for a low percentage of mortality following spraying are (1) poor pressure, (2) the wrong type of nozzle; (3) the wrong part of the plant sprayed—too often the lower surface of the foliage is neglected; and (4) the wrong type of



Mottled appearance of rhododendron leaf due to rhododendron bug.

Aphis causing blisters on the leaf of red currant.



Aphis on plum causing blistered leaves.

Woolly aphis on shoot of apple.

A stem of a seedling conifer girdled by surface caterpillars.



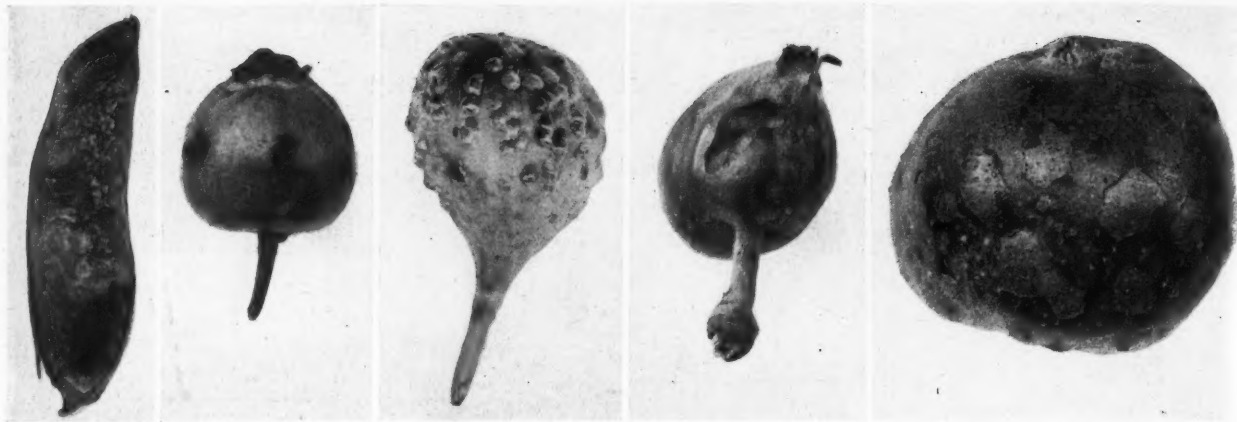
Rose leaf attacked by leaf hoppers, showing brown mottled appearance.

The round, clear-cut holes made by the leaf-cutting bee.

A leaf of columbine tunnelled by the larvæ of the leaf-miner.

A cherry leaf skeletonised by the larvæ of the cherry sawfly.

Showing the attack of caterpillars on leaves.



The distorted appearance of pea pods, due to the attack of thrips.

Premature fall of apple fruits due to the larvæ of the apple sawfly.

The scaly appearance of figs due to scale insects.

An apple showing scarred surface due to larvæ of winter moth.

Shallow pits in the surface of apple caused by the attack of capsid bugs.

wash employed, where a stomach poison or fungicide is used for controlling sucking insects. Again, carelessness is observed in preparing the wash and the proportions of each ingredient are not strictly observed.

The following table, together with the illustrations, are given in the hope that the more common symptoms of insect attack may be instantly recognised and the information acted upon in order to prevent the all too frequent disappointments experienced by the cultivator of plants.

SYMPTOMS OF ATTACK DUE TO BITING AND SUCKING INSECTS.

Symptoms.	I.—FOLIAGE.	Pest.
Blistered	Capsid bugs on apple, plum. Aphides on apple, red currant, plum.
Clean-cut holes	Caterpillars on various plants. Weevils, <i>Otiorrhynchus</i> species. Leaf-cutting bee. Larvæ of sawflies. Snails; slugs; woodlice.
Mined (linear, serpentine and blotch mines)	Larvæ of small moths. Larvæ of flies (columbine leaf-miner; celery fly; carnation, chrysanthemum and mangold leaf-miners). Larvæ of beetles and sawflies.
Mottled	Thrips or thunder-bugs. Jassids or leaf-hoppers. Rhododendron bug. Red spider, <i>Tetranychus telarius</i> .
Pitted	Flea-beetles on brassicas, sometimes known as "turnip fly."
Puckered	Apple sucker. Stem eelworm in narcissus and phlox.
Rolled	Larvæ of tortrix moths on fruit trees and roses. Larvæ of rose leaf-rolling sawfly.
Rusty	Carrot fly—result of larvæ in roots.
Scalloped edges	Pea and bean weevils, <i>Sitona</i> species.
Scaly	Scale insects.
Silvered	Mealy plum aphid.
Skeletonised	Fruit tree red spider on apple and plum.
Spittle	Larvæ of sawflies; cherry, pear, plum, rose. Cuckoo-spit insect (young stage of frog-hopper).
Wilting	Effect of soil insects (surface caterpillars, wireworms, chafer larvæ, leatherjackets).
Woolly tufts	Woolly aphid; chermes on various conifers.
II.—BUDS.		
Damaged	Capsid bugs on chrysanthemums, dahlias. Larvæ of bud moth. Earwigs.
Swollen	Black currant gall mite.
III.—ROOTS, BULBS, TUBERS.		
Eaten	Larvæ of moths (surface caterpillars, swift moth). Larvæ of beetles and weevils (wireworm, chafers, raspberry and vine weevils). Larvæ of flies (bulb fly, cabbage and onion flies, leatherjackets). Millipedes.
Galled	Cabbage and turnip gall weevil. Woolly aphid—subterranean form. Root-knot eelworm (<i>Heterodera radicola</i> and <i>H. Schachtii</i>).
Tunnelled	Wireworms; carrot fly larvæ; millipedes.
IV.—FLOWERS.		
Discoloured	Thrips; aphides.
Distorted	Capsid bugs (chrysanthemum, dahlias).
Eaten	Larvæ of moths (green pug and winter). Garden and cockchafers. Apple blossom weevil. Mustard and water lily beetles. Earwigs.

V.—FRUIT.		
Distorted	Thrips on pea pods. Larvæ of codling moth.
Holed and premature fall	Larvæ of apple and plum sawflies. Larvæ of pear midge. Peach and fig scales.
Scaly	Larvæ of winter moth.
Scarred	Larvæ of apple sawfly when young. Garden chafer. Capsid bugs.
Tunnelled	Larvæ of moths (codling and tomato). Ground beetles on strawberry. Larvæ of raspberry beetle. Larvæ of apple sawfly. Earwigs; ants; wasps.
VI.—STEMS.		
Distorted	Aphides on apple, currant, gooseberry. Capsid bug on apple, currant. Stem eelworm in phlox, cœnothra, etc.
Dying back	Bark beetles and shot-hole borers.
Galled	Woolly aphid on apple and pyracantha. Larvæ of cynipid "wasps." Larvæ of gall midges. Gall mites.
Girdled	Surface caterpillars. Slugs; snails.
Scaly	Various scale insects.
Tunnelled	Larvæ of moths (Goat, Wood Leopard, Pith, Raspberry Shoot, Clearwings). Larvæ of beetles (bark beetles, shot-hole borers). Larvæ of flies (cabbage fly).
Wilting and snapping off near soil level.	Surface caterpillars; wireworms; leather jackets.

G. FOX WILSON.

The International Horticultural Congress.

EXHIBITION ON AUGUST 14TH AND 15TH.

IN view of the International Horticultural Congress, which takes place in London from August 7th to August 15th, there will be no fortnightly show at the Royal Horticultural Society's Hall on August 12th, but, instead, there will be a special exhibition in the New Hall, Greycoat Street, Westminster, on Thursday and Friday, August 14th and 15th. This exhibition will differ from most British horticultural exhibitions in that the groups will not be the productions of separate firms, but each group will be staged co-operatively by firms specialising in that particular class of plant. The various firms who have in recent years won the Royal Horticultural Society's gold medal have formed a number of committees, one for each group, and they will supply the greater part of the exhibits, though numerous other nurserymen and seedsmen have been invited to send particular plants. The exhibition includes sites for co-operative exhibits of carnations, dahlias, fruit, gladioli, herbaceous plants, orchids, plants from seeds, roses, stove and greenhouse plants, sweet peas, trees and shrubs, and water plants.

The exhibition will be open at 10 a.m. on Thursday, August 14th, and up to 1 p.m. that day it will be reserved for members of the Congress, Fellows and Associates of the Royal Horticultural Society, and those presenting Fellows' transferable tickets. At 1 p.m. that day the public will be admitted, the charge for admission being 2s. 6d., and the exhibition remains open till 7 p.m. On Friday, August 15th, the exhibition will be open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and the public will be admitted throughout the day at a charge of 1s.

The Floral, Orchid, and Fruit and Vegetable Committees will meet to examine new plants, flowers, fruits and vegetables at 11.30 a.m. on Thursday, August 14th, and all subjects for the Committee's inspection must be entered with the secretaries of the Committees not later than 10.30 a.m. that morning. While, owing to lack of space, it is not possible to accommodate groups from abroad at this exhibition, Continental nurserymen are cordially invited to send novelties for the Committees' inspection. In the same way, although the groups in the body of the hall will be staged solely by nurserymen and seedsmen, it is hoped that British amateurs, as well as horticultural traders, will submit new, uncommon and noteworthy plants to the Committees.